

# The Sketch

No. 785.—Vol. LXI.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1908.

SIXPENCE.



A MONSTER ON THE LINE: A TARPON'S LEAP FOR LIFE AND LIBERTY.

(See "The World of Sport.")





# MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"

## The Whole Duty of Girlhood.

Some of the schoolgirls here—I am told there are upwards of eleven thousand in the town, but that is surely an exaggeration—are being taught to ride astride. This, I think, is a mistake. They may argue that they feel safer and more comfortable riding astride than side-saddle, and I will not dispute the point, although I know several experienced horsewomen who would contradict them flatly. But there can be no doubt that it is a girl's duty to look pretty first, and be comfortable afterwards. Every nice girl knows this, just as she knows that no girl can look pretty riding astride. Even a circus-lady, who has the enormous advantage of wearing tights, looks awkward and ugly in that position. How much more, then, a girl who tries to atone in some measure for her lack of taste by clothing her legs in cowboy trousers of exceptional length and fullness? . . . By the way, when I say that it is a girl's duty to look pretty first and be comfortable afterwards, I do not mean that she must be so uncomfortable that the onlooker recognises the fact and shares her discomfort. To the art of looking pretty she must add the art of looking comfortable; otherwise, the whole effect is marred. The smartest hat that was ever trimmed is worth no more than a rag if the wearer is obliged to keep her head at a certain angle in order to balance it.

## "Passionate Socks."

I have no desire to get myself violently disliked down here, but I feel compelled to tell you that, striking an average, the young men are much smarter in their dress than the young women. Personally, I loathe smart young men; they make me feel so shabby. However, credit shall be given where credit is due. Let me, then, draw you a picture of the Eastbourne young man, as you may see him on the Front and at the skating-rink. We will begin with the socks, because the socks are by far the most noticeable feature of his costume. He wears socks of the kind known, I am told, as "passionate"; that is to say, they have little tiny holes in them all the way round, and are green and yellow, or purple and pink, or salmon and pale-blue. In order to let you see them to the best advantage, he wears low shoes and turns up his trousers. His coat is long, and "goes in" at the waist in order to set off his figure. It is a proud, eloquent coat. You can almost hear it saying, "Here's a figure for you! Have a good look at it, my friend!" For the rest, he has a cap that comes a long way down over his head both back and front, a little cane, and a cigarette in a holder. By some clever manipulation of the jaws which I am sure I could never master, the cigarette is made to point heavenwards. Significant—very.

## Love and Hockey.

We are very sporting down here. In the afternoon everybody takes exercise of some sort. You can play football, or play hockey, or ride, or skate, or cycle, or row, or run, or walk, or get wheeled up and down the Front in a bath-chair. The exercise last named appealed to me most strongly when I first arrived; but now I walk, every now and again varying the monotony with a little run. One afternoon I found myself looking down into the great valley that lies between the foot and the summit of Beachy Head. The morning had been misty, oddly enough, but now the sun was breaking through the clouds and driving the mist off the still sea as blithely as the wind drives the leaves in autumn. On the flat ground at the bottom of the valley, about half a mile from where I was standing, two lots of boys were playing football and some girls were playing hockey. The boys played in silence, but the girls screamed over their game as noisily as a flock of gulls. I could hear them distinctly: "Come on, Ethel! Now, Dolly! Buck up, you idiot! Shoot, Marjorie,

shoot! Awfully sorry, old girl! Didn't mean to get you on the ankle!" On returning to my hotel I picked up a novel by a lady novelist that was lying in the hall, and my eye fell on this sentence: "He saw my photograph in a hockey-group, and fell desperately in love with me." Odd? Yes?

## My Secret Sorrow.

I have a secret sorrow, and I should like to tell you about it before I forget it. (You know Hickory Wood's little story of the dying servant-girl in the melodrama, don't you? In her last moments she decided to tell the Curate the secret of her life, and then, to her horror, found that she had forgotten it.) It is this: I cannot roller-skate. I can skate on ice indifferently well, but I have tried to skate on rollers and abandoned the attempt hurriedly. If you saw the people down here doing it, you would understand my grief. They sail, swim, glide, twirl, curl, glance, dart, leap, and caracole. They skate in pairs, the gentleman proceeding backwards, and gaze into each other's eyes all the time. They are wafted from one side of the rink to the other like pantomime fairies on invisible wires. Some of the gentlemen go along in a kind of sitting position, which is not very graceful but extremely skilful, and, of course, compels my enthusiastic admiration. The other night I watched two-and-twenty daring fellows play skating-polo. The surface of the rink is composed of cement, I fancy, but they treated it as though it were a feather-bed. And the swallow-like things that the girls do on these roller-skates must be seen more than once to be believed. Herein, however, lies the irony of the business; in all Eastbourne there are but two marriageable men. (I am not one of them.)

## A Mere Reminder.

It is a capital idea to alter the national clock according to the time of year, but I should like to point out to the gentleman so intimately associated with it that I have made the suggestion on more than one occasion during the past few years in these Notes. I have asked, with tremendous earnestness, why people should be compelled to get up at five o'clock in the winter and go to factories when they might just as well get up at eight and leave the factory three hours later. And I argued that, to suit this arrangement, theatres and music-halls should open three hours later, and public-houses be closed three hours later. That's all.

## The Bet is Off.

An Edinburgh correspondent begs me to tell him, "in order to settle a bet," whether I do my work in the morning or at night. I am suffused with blushes when I think that anybody, much more two bodies, can take sufficient interest in my hours of work to have a bet on the subject. However, throttling my modesty, I feel compelled to answer the question. The bet, gentlemen, is off. I do not work in the morning, neither do I work at night. The morning hours are dedicated to the pessimistic school. All the people who write books with unhappy endings work in the morning. They commit the breakfast-mood to paper. "Annabel switched off the light and laid her head on the pillow. But her forehead throbbed, she could not sleep. Hour after hour she lay there, tossing and turning, and listening to the remorseless clock that was ticking away her life." And then the pessimist goes to lunch, and feels very much better. At night, the romantic writers are hard at it. They are winning back with their pens the sums that they have lost at bridge. For my own part, I love to idle in the morning, and I am far too sleepy to work at night. So I write between tea and dinner, thus employing the hours that most people find so dull. Incidentally, it is the very best time to work, but that is a secret that I am selfishly keeping to myself.



# ASTOUNDING REALISM ON THE STAGE: THE SICILIAN PLAYERS IN "MALIA," AT THE SHAFTESBURY.



1. SIGNORINA MIMI AGUGLIA FERRAU  
AS IANA.

2. SIGNORINA MIMI AGUGLIA FERRAU AS IANA,  
AND CAV. UFF. GIOVANNI GRASSO AS NINU.

3. SIGNORINA FERRAU AS IANA, AND  
CAV. GRASSO AS NINU.

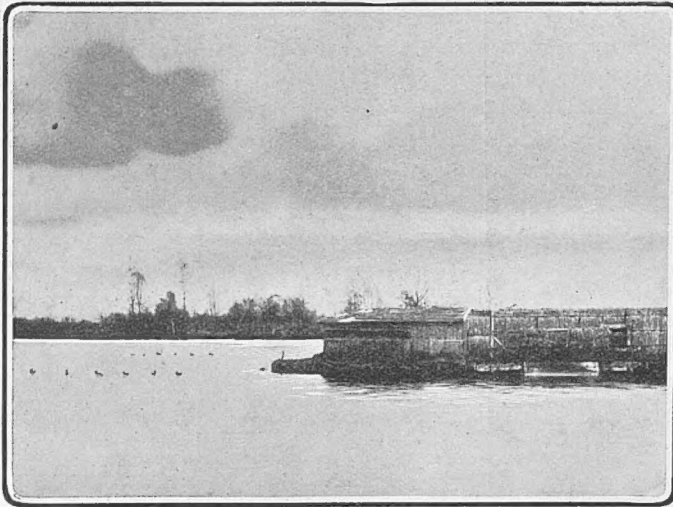
4. A TERRIBLY REALISTIC MOMENT IN THE PLAY: NINU MURDERS HIS RIVAL, COLA, BY CUTTING HIS THROAT.

The Sicilian players who are appearing at the Shaftesbury have given London a new sensation. This is largely due to the extraordinary realism of the actors' work. Practically, they hesitate at nothing. We cannot do better than quote a few sentences from the "Telegraph's" notice of "Malia," the first play the company produced here:—"Consider the plot, related in briefest outline. Iana, betrothed to a young Sicilian, Ninu, has fallen hopelessly in love with her sister's newly made husband, Cola. Momentarily she strives to battle with her increasing obsession, but in the presence of Ninu it once more reasserts itself. The secret is revealed to him in a scene almost indescribable. Iana, in her efforts after self-repression, writhes like a thing demented, her fingers twitch, her eyes turn inward, her body is racked with pain. It is as if she were the victim of an epileptic fit. And then, suddenly, the floodgates are opened, the current is set free, and with the cry of an agonised animal she leaps upon her lover and presses her lips to his. Accustomed as we are to more modern drawing-room methods of acting, the effect is that of a thunderbolt which leaves us stunned and gasping. A human soul has been stripped of its covering and lies bare before us. Admittedly, it is not a pretty spectacle . . . But, all the same, there is much to be said for an actress who can so entirely and so unreservedly yield herself up to the requirements of the occasion."—[Photographs by Bassano.]



## BLOWING DUCK FROM THE CANNON'S MOUTH:

SHOOTING WILDFOWL WITH A FIELD-GUN.



THE STRING OF DECOYS.



A DYKE ON THE SHOOTING.



THE BATTERY AT WORK.



PUTTING DOWN THE DECOY DUCKS.



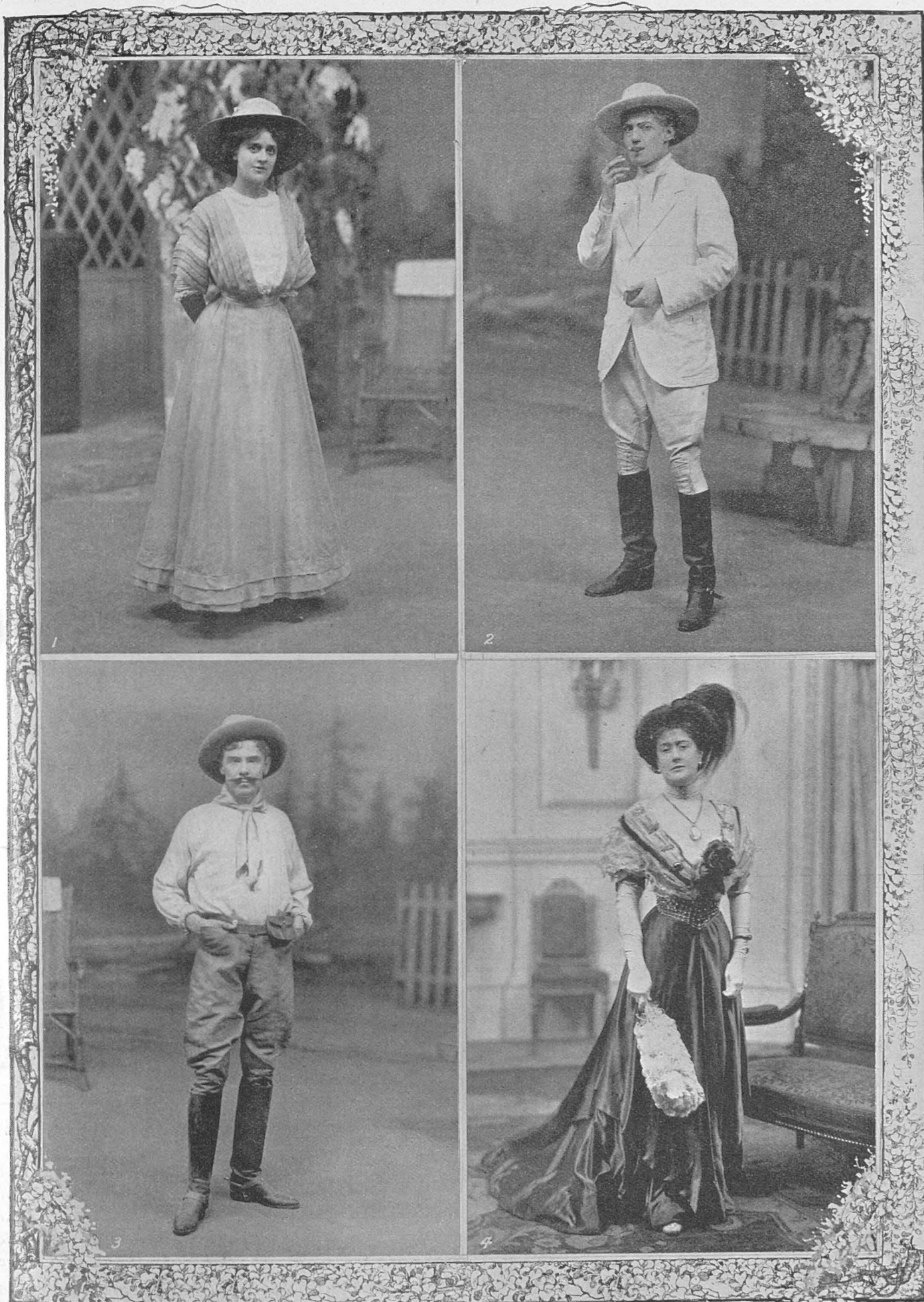
RETRIEVING AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT.

The Prince of Monaco has a remarkable shooting for wildfowl at Marchais. The sportsmen take cover behind a palisade of rushes, and use great duck-guns of No. 45 calibre, mounted on field-carriages. These fire 115 grammes of powder and 500 grammes of lead. Their effective range is about 130 yards. Despite this elaborate equipment, the average execution done is small.



## THE MUSICAL BUSHRANGER ON THE STAGE:

"STINGAREE," AT THE QUEEN'S.



1. MISS HILDA ANTONY AS HILDA BOUVERIE.

2. MR. HENRY AINLEY AS GREVILLE DARE (STINGAREE).

3. MR. HERBERT WARING AS TOM BRACY.

4. MISS ADA FERRAR AS MRS. CLARKSON.

Hilda Bouverie, companion to Mrs. Clarkson, wife of a Riverina squatter, has a voice of gold, but the jealous Mrs. Clarkson will not permit her to use it. She is singing to herself one day, when Greville Dare hears her, is fascinated, and falls in love at first sight. Dare is none other than the famous bushranger, Stingaree, and, having learned Hilda Bouverie's position, he determines that she shall be given her chance. It so happens that Sir Julian Crum, a famous musician, is attending a concert given in the store. At this Mrs. Clarkson sings. She has just finished when two bushrangers enter, hold up the audience, and rob them. These are followed by the masked and cloaked figure of Stingaree, who compels Hilda to sing and Sir Julian to listen. So great is the impression made upon the musician, that he arranges that Hilda Bouverie's voice shall be trained, and three years later she has become famous. During that period Stingaree has been in prison. Eventually he escapes on the very day on which a pardon is granted, and the curtain falls with every sign of happiness for the future.

*Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.*



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## A TETRAZZINI MADE BY A BUSHRANGER:

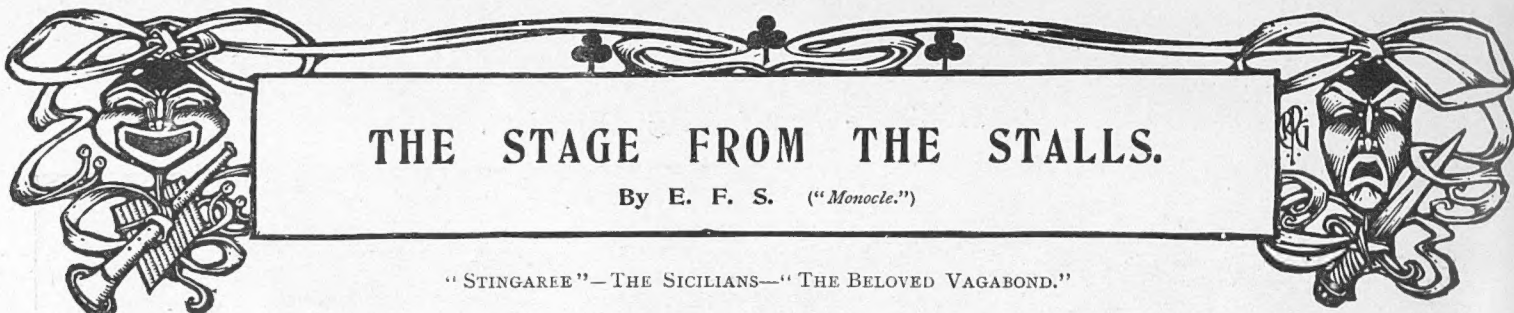
"STINGAREE," AT THE QUEEN'S.



1. MRS. CLARKSON INFLECTS A SONG UPON THE AUDIENCE IN THE STORE ON THE EUREKA STATION, WHILE HER COMPANION, HILDA BOUVERIE, IS CONDEMNED TO ACT AS ACCOMPANIST ONLY.
2. STINGAREE, THE BUSHRANGER, AND HIS MATES HOLD UP THE AUDIENCE, AND COMPEL HILDA BOUVERIE TO SING, IN ORDER THAT SIR JULIAN CRUM, THE FAMOUS MUSICIAN, MAY HEAR HER VOICE AND JUDGE OF ITS BEAUTY.
3. STINGAREE, HAVING ATTAINED HIS OBJECT, RETURNS IN THE PERSON OF GREVILLE DARE, TELLS A STORY OF CAPTURE, AND GIVES BACK THE VALUABLES TAKEN FROM THE AUDIENCE.

In the first photograph the chief figures (reading from left to right) are Miss Hilda Antony as Hilda Bouverie, Miss Ada Ferrar as Mrs. Clarkson, Miss Meta Pelham as Lady Crum, and Mr. A. E. George as Sir Julian Crum. In the second photograph are Miss Hilda Antony, Miss Ada Ferrar, Mr. A. E. George, Mr. O. P. Heggie as Sam, Mr. Kenyon Musgrave as Howie, Mr. Henry Ainley as Greville Dare (on the table). In the third photograph are Mr. Trevor Lowe as Sydney Sid, Mr. A. E. George, Miss Ada Ferrar, Miss Meta Pelham, Miss Hilda Antony, Mr. Henry Ainley, and Mr. Athol Forde as Robert Clarkson.—[Photographs by Foultham and Banfield.]





By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"STINGAREE"—THE SICILIANS—"THE BELOVED VAGABOND."

IT is said that some of our Australian cousins are vexed by "Stingaree"; they do not like to see the bushranger painted as such a milk-and-water person as Greville Dare; and no wonder, seeing that the terror alleged to be caused by him suggests that the Australians are a cowardly lot, and everybody knows that they are not. To the British public the sentimental scoundrel has always been dear, and there is no doubt about the sentimentality of Stingaree—sentimentality and stupidity as well; no wonder then, that the earlier scenes were enthusiastically applauded. What a pity that the play rather petered out than panned out—technical terms that I use timidly. The fact, perhaps, will show some of our novelists that play-writing is not easy, particularly when the author is hampered by having to adapt a novel. Certainly there is one good act—that in which the squatters' concert is held up by the bushrangers, and the heroine is forced, very willingly, to sing before the famous Sir Julian Crum, who can make her fortune. It is a quaint touch that the young lady has no doubt that if Sir Julian hears her voice he will be enslaved by it—dear, modest little girl! She was quite right, however, and Sir Julian not only was enslaved, but was rude enough to convert it into quite a different kind of voice. Certainly Miss Hilda Antony has quite an agreeable voice, and sang pleasantly and acted pretty well, though she has hardly caught the style of the stage. Mr. Henry Ainley was quite picturesque and manly as the terrible Stingaree, and Messrs. Herbert Waring, Kenyon Musgrave, Athol Forde, A. E. George, and Fred Kerr acted very well.



THE GREAT UNPHOTOGRAPHED: MR. CHARLES FROHMAN SNAPSHOTTED.

Mr. Frohman does not like the publicity that it is in the power of the photographer to give, and he is one of the least photographed personages in the world. The portrait here reproduced is supposed to be the only one of any recent date existing.

Photograph by Half-tones, Ltd.

than one, if this lady or Signor Grasso represent anything like the standard of acting. She has a gift for exhibiting intense emotion, very rarely possessed in anything like such a degree by any of our race. Signor Grasso is almost as remarkable in the part of the girl's sweetheart. His personality in the character is curiously unpleasant, correctly it may be; but the acting, with its extraordinary

eloquence of gesture and elegance of movement, its moments of ferocity and also of tender affection, was very vivid, and his little bit of dancing made me long for more. He could win a fortune in the "halls" as step-dancer. The rest of the players were quite clever, and in particular Signor Lo Turco ought to be mentioned.

When looking at the notices of "The Beloved Vagabond," I saw in one daily paper a rather startling phrase—"he were a clown who could find words other than of praise." Rather hard this upon Mr. William Archer, who "slated" the piece. I doubt whether he has ever before been called a clown. I fear I must incur the same censure. It is not kind to Mr. Locke, capable, popular novelist, with some instinct for the stage, to pretend that his play is flawless, and so encourage him to write such unscientific work. Can anyone pretend there was a valid reason offered for the marriage of Joanna with the repulsive "scaly-headed vulture," or

for Paragot's persistent silence as to his conduct after the death of the Count, and the expiration of the five years. Does any playgoer remember a more clumsy device for getting a character off the stage in order that an explanation may take place behind his back than the one of Paragot inducing the indignant Joanna to wait whilst he changed clothes in order to bid good-bye to the justly wrathful lady in more ordinary dress than his pierrot costume? What amazing merit has the play that it is clownish to refer to such big blemishes? Certainly, the work has entertaining scenes, notably in the second act, where a brilliant piece of comic character-acting by Mr. Beerbohm Tree delighted everyone; but the foundation of "The Beloved Vagabond" is rank melodrama, a fact which the cleverness of the dialogue could not mask; and the character of Asticot, very ably handled in the book, becomes a creature of mere whining sentimentality, with a hump-back imported from the Porte St. Martin thrown in. Why—oh, why the hump, except to give one to the critical? Why the amazing marriage with Joanna, which in the novel the author's compulsion him to avoid, so that he gave instead the plausible union with Blanquette? Why use a whole act for the improbable bargain, in the book judiciously made a matter of mere recital, except that it may seem to Mr. Locke a strong piece of drama, though, in fact, it was of the kind that would not have surprised us at the Princess's?

To me it is natural to "clown" in the matter, because the first half of the second act showed that Mr. Locke might have given to us an entertaining, whimsical comedy with his Quixote-Gringoire figure of a vagabond philosopher if he had not made heavy sacrifices to mere plot. There was plenty of material in the book to have enabled him to exhibit the humorous adventures of the man, and the author could have handled them amusingly. It is only when we are deluged with sentimentalities, or watching the poorly invented scenes needed by the plot that we complain. Moreover, Mr. Tree showed that his Paragot might have been his best creation for a long time. As it was, his acting was altogether admirable in some passages, nor can he be blamed for seeming rather heavy in the sentimental scenes. Miss Evelyn Millard certainly played excellently throughout. Mr. Quartermaine was effective as the wicked Count. Miss Hutin Britton, the Blanquette, acted with a real sense of character.



THE AUTHOR OF "DIANA OF DOBSON'S": MISS CICELY HAMILTON, WHOSE NEW PLAY IS TO BE PRODUCED AT THE KINGSWAY TO-NIGHT (WEDNESDAY).

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.



THE LATEST FREAKS OF FASHION.



A MODERN DRESS IN THE INDIAN MANNER.

THE NEWEST HAT: THE "CHARLOTTE."

A MODERN DRESS IN THE GREEK MANNER.

*Two Photographs by Reutlinger.*



## FREE FROM THE CENSOR: PLOTS FROM PARIS.

"LE BONHEUR DE  
JACQUELINE."

By Paul Gavault.

Théâtre du Gymnase.

Jacqueline has been brought up by Mme. Ravenel and her son Fernand, a big boy of forty or thereabouts; but she happens to have a mother of her own, and that mother has married again—has married a stage American, who says "Business are business," "Times is money," and other things of that kind.

To celebrate Jacqueline's return to the home of her mother and stepfather they give a garden-party, and to make that return a prelude for her speedy re-departure, they invite a number of eligible young men to meet Jacqueline. She falls in love with one of them, Henri de Lignières, a youth of some means, a title, and frivolous habits. But, of course, Jacqueline has never noticed Honest John. By Honest John, I mean Fernand Ravenel. You couldn't call him Honest John in French, I suppose, but that is what he should be called. He is the pudding-headed son "who is so good to his mother" and has loved his little ward from the beginning. Good, honest, worthy fellow! Pray excuse me for yawning. If it were an English play by Mr. Hall Caine, Jacqueline would go astray in Act II. and in Act III., Honest John would pack up the family tooth-brush and search the wide world for her till he found her in the home for lost dogs and things—you know.

But this is a Parisian play, so nobody ruins Jacqueline. She just gets married, that's all, and her husband's lady friends cluster round him again, and the young wife is pitied by them all because she is the only one who doesn't know, poor thing.

In the first act Jacqueline suddenly remembers that, after all, this is Leap Year, and she asks the forty-year-old Fernand whether, without knowing it, she has by any chance won his young affections or whether he really loves her as if he were just her maiden aunt. Fernand bites his lip, picks little bits off the garden table at which he is sitting, wrinkles his forehead to show the audience that he's lying, and then with an appearance of artlessness which wouldn't deceive a country policeman, says that his love for Jacqueline is quite grandmotherly, and that his dearest wish is to see her happily married to another fellow.

To this Jacqueline replies "Right oh!" and after the curtain has fallen with a sad, heart-broken thud, it takes fifteen months to rise again, during which interval Jacqueline has become Madame de Lignières. She loves her husband in spite of a compromising letter (the kind with crosses for kisses at the end of it) which she has found in his waistcoat-pocket, and many other little things which show her that he does not love her by herself alone. And then the Englishwoman comes into their lives.

The villain with the silk hat and the eternal cigarette has dropped out of the French drama, but the Englishwoman with bad French and worse morals is there still, in

spite of the Entente Cordiale. Mrs. Beggs (whose name nobody can pronounce, herself included) has been much run after by a young man called Sévenol. She likes De Lignières better, but she has promised Sévenol that she will spend a Venice week-end with him if he will bring her her husband's written permission. I forgot to mention that Mr. Beggs is a relic of the days when all stage Englishmen were either pickpockets or drunkards. Sévenol gets the authorisation from Mr. Beggs and goes to Venice to wait for his Mistress B. I didn't call her that, mind you. "Mistress" is French for "Mrs."

Mrs. Beggs does not go to Venice. She spends the summer at a little seaside town where the De Lignières are the centre of attraction. Everybody (except Jacqueline, of course) knows all about the Beggs-De Lignières intrigue, but Jacqueline's happiness has to be safeguarded, so honest John blunders into the pot of roses; and, when Jacqueline catches her husband feeding Mrs. Beggs in a private room at the Casino with truffles and kisses and other accessories to a Casino lunch, honest John Fernand smiles a sickly smile, picks at the table (see Act I.), and remarks that it was he who was feeding Mrs. Beggs. Whereupon Sévenol suggests a duel, and there you are again.

Jacqueline confides to her husband that she had been quite nervous, and thought that he was unfaithful to her. But honest John blunders right into the middle of the rose-pot once again, and between him and Sévenol it is made quite clear to Jacqueline that her husband was the trousered sinner in that snug little luncheon-party.

"And after all, why not?" De Lignières says. "We are people of the world, *après tout*, not people in a story-book, my dear Jacqueline; and the Ravenel family *embête* me, anyway, with its eternal moralising and its bourgeois happiness." "Mme. Ravenel has always been a mother to me. So has Fernand," says Jacqueline through her tears. And I believe that all might have been forgiven and forgotten if De Lignières had taken his dear little wife by the chin, kissed her angry tears away, and promised to be a better boy in future. Unfortunately for himself, he was the kind of liar who gets angry when he is found out, instead of confessing to the first lie and finding a better one to go on with. In his anger he tells the truth by mistake. "Fernand's love for you has nothing of the grandmother at all in it," he says; "and if you leave the house now and run off to that pair of old women, Ravenel and his mamma, you need not return again." "All right! I won't!" says Jacqueline, sticks the pins into her hat with the vicious dig that we men dare not attempt to imitate, and goes.

And, of course, she marries Fernand at the end of the fourth act. If she had only done this just before the curtain rose on the first, we should have been spared a poor play.—JOHN N. RAPHAEL.



FROM THE DIVINE SARAH TO THE  
ONLY WILLIE: A BUST BY MME. SARAH  
BERNHARDT, PRESENTED BY HER TO  
MR. WILLIE CLARKSON.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



A PAINTING OF MME. SARAH BERNHARDT, PRESENTED BY HER  
TO MR. WILLIE CLARKSON, THE FAMOUS PERRUQUIER.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



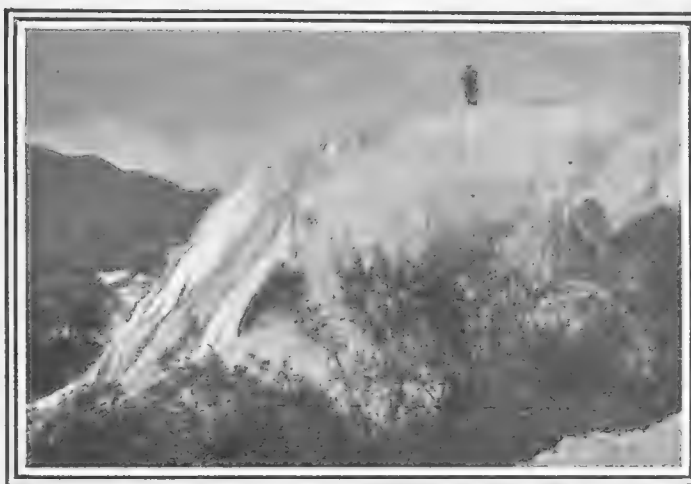


## OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



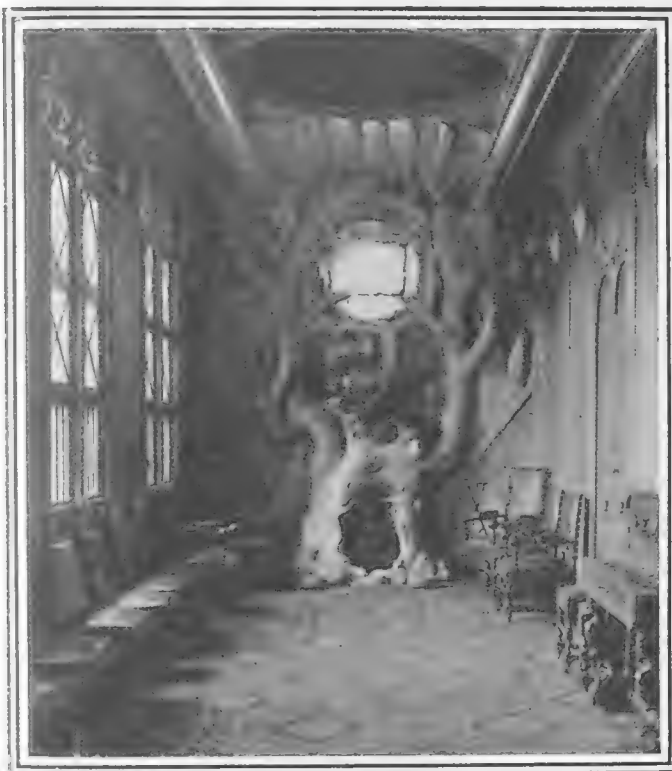
ELECTRIFIED CHESTNUT-TREES.

The Avenue Louise, in Brussels, has chestnut-trees on each side of it. Those that are on the side nearest the electric tramways lose their leaves in August, then bud and bloom again in October; while those on the other side keep their foliage until the end of the year, and do not bloom again until the following spring. It is believed that the electric current of the tramway, passing through the ground, affects the roots, and causes the abnormal behaviour of the trees.



A "WATERFALL" OF LIME.

The fall is at Hammam-Meskutin, and is of petrified carbonate of lime. Hot water still trickles over it, and the process of formation is continually going on. There is little need for us to emphasise the fact that the carbonate-of-lime fall resembles in remarkable manner a fall of water. Hammam-Meskutin is a village in the Province of Constantine, Algeria, and is ten miles from Guelma, a station on the railway from Bona to Constantine.



A FIREPLACE SET IN AN IMITATION TREE-TRUNK.

La Villa Sardou, at Calais, has achieved fame from the fact that it was there that "la grande Rachel" died, and also because it contains many things that are freakish. Notable amongst these is the fireplace illustrated, which, it will be seen, is made in semblance of a tree-trunk. Many curious visitors find their way to the place in the course of a year.—[Photograph by Renoist.]



DINING IN THE HOLLOW OF "BIG BEN."

The blue gum-tree illustrated is in Tasmania, is known as "Big Ben," is nearly 250 feet high, and has a circumference of 95 feet five feet above the ground. In the hollow there is a space 20 feet by 25 feet, in which a table has been placed, and on this the Tasmanian farmer occasionally entertains his guests. The wood of the blue-gum is so dense that it will not float in water.

ONE OF THE MOST CURIOUS HOUSE-FRONTS IN THE WORLD:  
THE HOUSE OF THE BEAKS.

The house is in a fashionable quarter of Lisbon, and the shape of the stones of its façade has earned it the name Casa dos Bicos.

ANOTHER HOUSE CONNECTED WITH "BEAKS":  
A TINY CITY GAOL IN CALIFORNIA.

The gaol is that of Paso Robles, California. It will be seen that a word of good advice appears under the notice "City Jail."





LADY EDENA CONYNTHAM, SISTER OF THE MARQUESS OF CONYNTHAM.

*Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.*

of feminine frocks and frills, but also in mourning jewellery, and so forth.

*Lady Edena Conyngham.*

The most charming and striking of the bridesmaids who played their due part in the pretty wedding of Lady Hersey Conyngham and Mr. William Baird was the bride's sister, Lady Edena. One of several sisters early bereft of a father's care, the sisters of the young Marquess—who is among the greatest of matrimonial *partis*—are fortunate in their near relatives, for they have many aunts, all popular in the great world. The best-known of these is, perhaps, Lady Linlithgow. Lady Edena is often chaperoned by her aunt Mrs. Gretton, who owns a delightful residence in Moncorvo House.

*Lady Evans.*

Few people, even among Liberals, are aware that in the wife of the new Solicitor-General the Government possess a delightful Anglo-American hostess. Lady Evans, whose marriage to the famous lawyer-politician took place only two years ago, was Miss Blanche Rule, of Cincinnati, but at the time of her second marriage she was a widow, and Sir Samuel Evans was a widower. Like most American ladies, Lady Evans has a genius for adapting herself to new conditions.

She is devoted to gallant little Wales, and is adored in her husband's constituency.

*Mr. and Mrs. Augustine Birrell.*

At the present moment, when all political eyes are focussed on the Irish Chief Secretary, it is worth recalling the fact that Mr. Birrell is much more than a statesman. Both he and his distinguished wife have strong links with literature—for Mr. Birrell's felicitous style has added a new word to literary slang, that of "Birrelling"—and Mrs. Birrell is the daughter of a charming Victorian poet, Mr. Locker-Lampson, a fact which probably indirectly led to her first

marriage, to Mr. Lionel Tennyson. Mr. Birrell, like his friend and colleague Mr. Asquith, is the father of a brilliantly clever son, who seems likely to follow in his political and literary footsteps.

*Harry Thaw's Sister.*

The young Countess of Yarmouth—who will, by the way, probably keep her title, for there is a

precedent entitling her to do

so under the circumstances which led to the dissolution of her marriage last week—is, of course, Harry Thaw's sister. As Miss Alice Thaw, the Countess was considered the leading heiress at Pittsburg, and her family opposed her marriage to Lord Hertford's eldest son. The wedding, however, took place five years ago, and it is now interesting to recall the fact that Mr. Harry Thaw gave his sister away. It is, of course, now known to all that the union was not altogether a happy one, and Americans declare that the case will be widely cited by those politicians who wish to put a prohibitive tax on the marriage-portions of those American girls who wed European noblemen.

*The Fallen Giant.*

It is hard to believe that the political career of Senhor Joao Franco, whose reign as Dictator in Portugal precipitated the tragedy, is utterly ended. He came the world at large knew not

whence, except that he was only just in the prime of life, was rich, fearless, and had been Minister for the Interior; now he goes we know not whither. The tragedy has crushed him. Now we can see that it would have been better had he retired last November, when he desired. But the King said: "No. Do you



NOT A BELIEVER IN VOTES FOR WOMEN.  
MRS. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

*Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.*



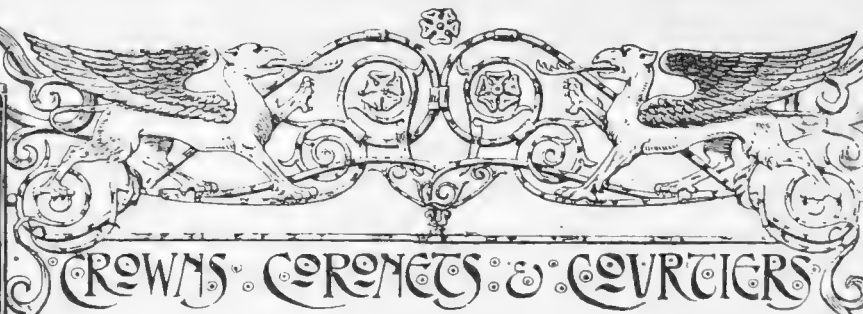
WIFE OF THE NEW SOLICITOR-GENERAL:  
LADY EVANS.

*Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.*



PATRONISED BY THE SUFFRAGETTES:  
MR. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

*Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.*



THE COUNTESS OF YARMOUTH,  
WHOSE MARRIAGE WAS ANNULLED  
LAST WEEK.

*Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.*



## DREAMING OF HIS MEDIÆVAL SELF.



MR. JAMES WELCH (AS SIR GUY DE VERE, Bt.) DREAMS IN THE FIRST ACT OF "WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD," AND SEES A VISION OF HIMSELF AS HE APPEARS IN THE LATER ACTS.

"When Knights Were Bold" has been one of the great successes of the theatrical year. It was first produced at the Royal, Nottingham, in September, 1906, and it was presented for the first time in London at Wyndham's in the following January. It is still running merrily.

Setting by "The Sketch"; photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.





By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

### Thames v. Tagus.

The political and commercial jobbery which brought about the conditions in Portugal ending in the death of the King and his first-born are as old as established government. The disposition of political parties to prey upon the public and to victimise foreign firms led to a strange situation when our Prince Consort's brother sat, with his Queen, upon the throne of Portugal. The Portuguese Government had, without the consent of the parties most concerned, reduced the interest on a loan floated in England. Then Portugal dreamed of railways and of harbours worthy a naval Power; and she sent for Sir John Rennie to survey and advise. But the London Stock Exchange was paramount power in the situation. Before anything could be done Portugal must set herself right with Capel Court. The offence in connection with the loan must be expiated ere another penny could be raised. So Mello de Fontes, Minister of Finance, came, cap in hand, to London, and implored the Stock Exchange to forgive and forget, to let Portuguese stock again be quoted, and to permit her to borrow money in our market. The Stock Exchange was magnanimous, and consented.

### The Walking Corpse.

That mixture of docility, strength, and enthusiasm which, the *Times* has been telling us, go to form the Portuguese character, finds illustration in the case of a chance acquaintance of Sir John Rennie. Between Mattozenhas and Oporto stands the shrine of a saint whom to this day Portuguese worship and supplicate as if he were the Deity. Going to this sanctuary, Sir John observed a ghastly figure—a man who looked as if he had lain a long age dead, and had then risen from the grave to walk again with the living. He was robed in frayed and shabby windings of the tomb; and with pain was making his way towards the shrine. It seems that he had been given up for dead and arrayed for interment. But he was yet conscious, and prayed his saint to deliver him, promising that if his petition were granted he would annually visit and worship at the shrine in his grave-cloths. He was on the way to keep his vow when the engineer was startled by meeting him on this, an anniversary of his deliverance.

### Dundreary's Father.

It is fitting that "Lord Dundreary," in setting a new generation laughing, should begin in New York. That was his first cradle. But, as all the world knows, he did not originate there. The shades of many departed Dundrearies would point to Sam Sothern and

say, "It is he that hath made us and not we ourselves." But Sothern bowed the knee to another man as responsible for his masterpiece. What he did was to impersonate a whole series of *Punch* jokes. At his first meeting with John Leech he warmly expressed his gratitude to the artist for making his (Sothern's) fortune. Leech was amazed; he thought that here was some new Dundrearyism in real life, the more so from his knowledge that Sam was a descendant of Theodore Hook in the hierarchy of practical jokers. But Sam was serious. He had, he said, made a constant study of Leech's "smiles" in *Punch*, and had, in Lord Dundreary, reproduced them on the stage and set the whole world roaring.

### The Castle's Peril.

Lord Aberdeen is not the only Viceroy of Ireland upon whom unmerited trouble has come during his tenancy of Dublin Castle. When the Earl of Carlisle ruled there, he was the victim of a man whose depredations eventually caused that man to be imprisoned. During his incarceration the culprit declared that he found grace abounding, and he longed only to serve again where he had received treatment of the kindest, only badly to requite it. Of course, news like this found its way straight to the tender heart of the Viceroy; the poor fellow must come back to the Castle. It was in vain that his advisers pointed to the man's record. "Very well," at last said his adviser; "if you must, you must. But if you do take him back, very soon you will be the only spoon left in the Castle."

### That It May Be So!

The somewhat stupid quarrel which has got into the papers between a vicar and a clergyman who has ventured to open his mouth in that vicar's parish had its prototype in an incident in which Father Healy sinned and suffered. He accepted the invitation of a nobleman to be present at a meeting held beyond the borders of his own parish. The priest of the latter protested, and Cardinal MacCabe cancelled Healy's name in connection with an appointment which was to have come to him. Soon afterwards, some local papers got hold of a spoof paragraph, and wrote a laudatory note in honour of the preferment which, the paragraph represented, had come to Healy. The latter, though he knew that the thing was a hoax, sat down and wrote in humble thanks to his Bishop for the appointment, adding a pointed expression of the hope that it would prove merely the prelude to a better.



A 66-FOOT FALL ON TO THE HANDS: GADBIN LANDING AFTER HIS DIVE.

It will be noted that the performer, who is appearing in Paris, alights on his hands, which are unprotected. The dive is made from the high scaffolding shown in the background.—[Photograph by Rol and Co.]



BEATING UP THE WEDDING GUESTS: A HOUSE-TO-HOUSE COLLECTION OF THE WITNESSES OF A MARRIAGE IN BISKRA.

## *The Wiles of Wily Willy.*



II.—WILLY AIDS THE POLICE BY GIVING THEM HIS INGENIOUS INVENTION FOR STOPPING MOTOR-CARS.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.





## HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



MISS ELLA SHIELDS, the Dick Whittington of the Camden Theatre, is one of the few American artists who, having come to England on a contract of weeks, has stayed for years as the result of her success, and is already engaged as far ahead as 1914. She was the original singer in America of the famous "Won't you come home, Bill Bailey?" and "Ain't that a shame!" In her early days on the stage, in which she started at the bottom rung of the ladder, she was one of those engaged to sing at a little place called Jordan Sulphur Springs. When the company arrived they learned, to their surprise, that the building in which the performance was to take place that evening was an old disused church. The company were somewhat embarrassed at the information, on which Miss Shields sought confirmation from the old negro caretaker. "Yes, Missy," he replied, in answer to her question, "this was a church, but the building was condemned as a church because the flooring ain't safe." "But if the flooring is not safe enough to admit a congregation," Miss Shields retorted, "it surely must be unfit to admit the audience to-night!" The negro rolled his eyes, and answered: "Missy, for all the people that will come to see this show to-night, I guess the flooring will be strong enough." It was.

Much interest has been aroused over the appearance of Mr. Laurence Irving on the music-hall stage. At Birmingham, where he and Mrs. Laurence Irving (Miss Mabel Hackney) have been acting in a version of "Peg Woffington," some surprise was felt at his leaving the regular stage and taking his place in a theatre of varieties. To this Mr. Irving has replied that he does "not see and never shall see, that a cabinet skilfully made, or a road carefully laid, or a song well sung, or anything done with complete mastery is not as worthy of consideration as, say, the authorship of 'Hamlet' or a novel of Mr. Hall Caine's." He adds that "the attempt to resent or grieve over the fact of my wife and me succeeding 'an orthodox comedienne,' and preceding 'a troupe of acrobats,' savours to me of artistic snobishness and bigotry." Among other opinions Mr. Irving believes that, "however brilliant an actor may be, the public, in twenty minutes, will have seen as much of him as they want"; though, he adds, not, it may be suspected, without a touch of humour, "actors sometimes think that four or five hours of a play is not too much, and wish to occupy the stage the whole of the time."

Apropos of Mr. Irving's success as Triplet in his play, a music-hall agent in Birmingham saw it one night, and criticised the dialogue in the following exquisite words—"The patter in that sketch is extra." That is surely the *ne plus ultra* of criticism.

To the list of stories told by actors against themselves, the following, by Mr. Frank Woolfe, who has played so many engagements with Mr. Lewis Waller, may be added. On one occasion, while acting Wilfred Denver, the hero of "The Silver King," in the

provinces, he gave his landlady a couple of tickets for the pit. The good woman and her equally good husband used them, to their evidently intense delight, for next morning, while serving breakfast, the landlady expressed their gratification by saying—"Oh! we did so enjoy your performance of the Silver King, Mr. Woolfe.

My husband and I haven't laughed so much for years." And, as everybody knows, Wilfred Denver is not a comedy part.

Only a little while ago Mr. Woolfe received a picture-postcard of himself from a young admirer, who asked him to sign it in the following fashion: "Would you kindly sign the enclosed picture-postcard of yourself for my collection. Please excuse it being rather thumb-marked, as I have had to give it to my baby brother to play with. It is the only thing that stops him from crying."

Practical jokes rarely do any good to anyone. The exception to the rule, however, is furnished by one played on two German gymnasts by Mr. R. H. Douglass, who made so great a success in the pantomime at the Coronet Theatre. They were members of a music-hall company in

MR. LAURENCE IRVING IN "PEG WOFFINGTON."

which he was engaged, and gave a remarkably fine display on the horizontal bars, accompanied by an original, ear-haunting waltz, the melody of which was generally whistled by all the employees of the theatre before each week's engagement terminated. One of the gymnasts, hearing Mr. Douglass humming the refrain one night, said, "Ach, Herr Douglass, you like mine music? It was writ special for us in Berlin." "Nonsense," replied Mr. Douglass jokingly; "it is very ancient." The German then expostulated vehemently, and declared it was absolutely original. Mr. Douglass appealed to each member of the company in turn. Taking their cue from him, and wishing to keep up the joke, they one and all declared the melody was very old. One comedian, to add "artistic verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative," actually declared that he had heard the melody in a pantomime twelve years before. "Impossible!" cried the German, adding that he had paid a great deal for the original score from the conductor of a well-known theatre. Next morning, as the German was still unconvinced, Mr. Douglass quietly went to the music-hall, collected the band-parts, and tipped a local German band to play the waltz outside the apartments where the gymnasts were staying. He himself watched them from a sheltering corner, and soon saw their faces, on which despair was written large, appear at the window of their sitting-room. That night, the gymnasts apologised to all the company, saying that they had written a stinging letter to the "thief of a conductor" who had so cruelly cheated them, and there, so far as Mr. Douglass was concerned, the joke ended. A

few months later, however, he met the two gymnasts, and casually inquired if the conductor had ever replied to their letter. "A thousand tanks, Herr Douglass," one of them answered, "you were right. De conductor apologised; said he had stolen it; wondered how we discovered it; returned our money, and begged us say nothing about it."

MISS MABEL HACKNEY IN "PEG WOFFINGTON."

THE LATEST NOTABLE 'VERTS TO THE HALLS:  
MR. AND MRS. LAURENCE IRVING, WHO ARE TO  
APPEAR AT THE LONDON COLISEUM.

Mr. Laurence Irving and his wife, Miss Mabel Hackney, are to play in a sketch, "Peg Woffington," at the London Coliseum. They open there on the 17th of this month.



## POLLY WAS NOT ALWAYS A PERFECT LADY.



PAPA (outside the Talking Birds Show): I suppose it's quite safe to take a child in?

THE BOX-OFFICE MANAGER: Yes, Sir. I guarantee the performance absolutely refined, but, of course, there's always a certain amount of risk with the parrots.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



# THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MR. WHIBLEY has at last got a fine opportunity, for which both his sympathies and his abilities fit him. As the biographer of John Manners, Duke of Rutland, he will become the historian of the Young England movement—in some ways the most far-reaching of all the “movements” of the last century. Laughed at by the Philistine, the Philistine was obliged to steal all its thunder, changing only the note. Men who laughed at a “national” holiday conceded it under the name of “Bank” Holiday after years of wasted waiting. The peasantry! The very word was pronounced an affectation by men whose political heirs have fêted the “rural” voter; and the Allotment system, inaugurated on the Rutland estates, is nationalised to-day in the Small Holdings Act. The men of that “Movement” were men of candour; and a candid acknowledgment of their foresight is now their due. At the hands of Mr. Whibley they will have it.

The “Oxford Movement,” which was in some sense allied to the Young Englanders, and the “Pre-Raphaelite Movement,” which was in some sense allied to the Tractarians, have had a multitude of records. Nearly all the leaders have left books and letters about their aims, failures, and triumphs. Even of the Fourth Party we have had, so to say, the log-book kept by all the crew, save that one of the little company who is now ranked by Sir H. Drummond Wolff as a sort of stow-away. Very different has been the case with the Young Englanders, who live indeed in Disraeli's pages, but have had hardly a paragraph in history and hardly a page in biography. The very name they took, or accepted, seemed to waken acerbity. The Queen, young herself, smiled at its expense; and Wordsworth, who should have been their best approver, starched his collar, and assumed an attitude. Young England forsooth!—Old England was good enough for him. And he said it in a sonnet! No wonder that Disraeli, at the close of “Coningsby,” begged Heaven to free his young friends from the dominion of phrases. For the Young Englanders were beaten on their phrases, not on their principles or their feelings, which, under changed labels, were speedily translated into Parliamentary facts. We have only to note in the newspapers to-day the diversity of language applied to the same incident or emotion when it is a friend's or when it is a foe's, to be sure that the tyranny of a vocabulary is the greatest menace now confronting the liberty of the heart or the mind. Just in proportion as this danger is recognised will people recognise the utility of what, at first sight, may seem to some the futility of George Bernard Shaw in a play like “Arms and the Man.” It is an attempt to unify the fact and the word such as Disraeli and Newman made in other departments of life, and were thought either mendacious or paradoxical for their pains.

Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes's new novel—the tautology is pardonable—has afforded Mr. Heinemann the opportunity of a rather welcome

departure from the now common rule of bulked paper. The pages are well-filled pages, and there is a good complement of them; but the volume is kept slender: it has not been “thickened” by pulpy materials, any more than the figures of the two young men, joint heroes of the work, had “thickened”—the phrase of a solicitous aunt and mother, as she saw and approved their preserved slimness. Leigh Hunt once said that Coleridge was unfitted for the leadership of a social revolution, since he had not the courage to keep himself from growing fat; and really courage is the word for a publisher's decision to keep a volume slender, seeing how many people seem to buy a book by its size, their pictures by the yard. But the convenience of readers, especially those who read, as I have read, “The

Pulse of Life” on their pillows far into the night, will pray that the bravery of Bedford Street may find imitators in Paternoster Row and all the courts of publishing.

M. Paul Sabatier, who is to lecture in Bloomsbury on “Modernism,” perhaps experiences that thricefold reward of authorship which Mr. Matthew Arnold used to plume himself on having discovered. Unmercenary as he was, he rubbed his hands with glee one morning among his friends at the Athenæum Club because he had been paid three times over for one bit of work—he had used it first as a lecture, then as a magazine article, and finally as a chapter in a volume. One does not grudge such triplication to M. Sabatier, whose three lectures at the Passmore Edwards Settlement, in Tavistock Place, bring him £75 as an agreeable foretaste of probable further emoluments to be earned in two future stages of their interesting and not unrewarded career.

Messrs. Smith and Elder are now to reap the recompense of such labours and sorrows as went to the making of the “Dictionary of National Biography.” Themoneyspent on the book has been pretty well recouped by the

costly edition; and now the first volume of a series of twenty-two volumes, issued at fifteen shillings each, will appear early in March, to be followed by a monthly volume until the December of next year.

There is a good word for Lord Yarmouth at last—the Lord Yarmouth, afterwards Marquess of Hertford, whom Thackeray presented as the Marquess of Steyne. Mr. G. S. Layard, in his book on “Suppressed Plates,” says a good deal about the Thackeray plate of the Marquess of Steyne, and has convinced the most reluctant of critics that the third Marquess of Hertford was the prototype of the Steyne plate. “And,” says Mr. Layard, “he was by no means an unmitigated scoundrel.” Of course not. Who was or is? Every man is ten men, and in no case have we a whole decade of villains. One of the ten men, in Lord Yarmouth, was a very fine judge of pictures, he was a boon companion of the Prince Regent, but he helped him to add to the royal collection some first-rate pictures, Rembrandt's magnificent “Master Shipbuilder and His Wife,” for example. M. E.



THE BLACK CAT BROUGHT LUCK.

THE BARBER: Thank 'evin, 'e's too big to git upstairs!

WHERE BELIEF WAS THE BEST POLICY.

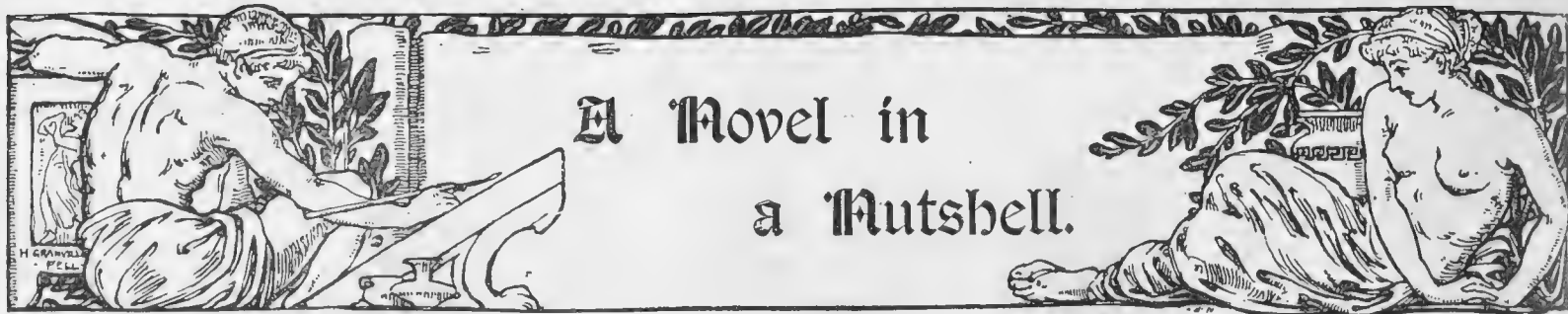


THE TENANT: Them ceilings is that rotten, Squire, that everything comes through. If you don't believe it, go up and see.

[The Squire did not go up.]

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.





## A Novel in a Nutshell.

### SALLIE'S LITTLE LAD.

BY MARIAN BOWER.

"NO," decided old Zick Godfrey, thrusting his powerful fingers through his grizzled locks and addressing anyone in the group, enjoying a cheerful midday meal by the warmth of the engine-house fire of the Hawthorn Mills, who might have leisure from his own bread-and-cheese to listen, "I do not hold with new-fangled notions and new-fangled ways. Not me! Why," raising his large head, with the white locks still curling about the open, honest brow, "I am always hearing tell of folks running about from this place to that. A change here, another to-morrow. It has always been good enough for me to work for one master. I came to Hawthorn's Mills as a boy, and I have been here ever since. And Rube," with a smile that softened the rugged features until they were as tender as a woman's, "will do the same, I'll be bound. Only"—and here Zick, kind-hearted as he was, could not help glancing aside at his old mate, John Thompson, whose two boys had hardly turned out as they should, they being of a rolling-stone persuasion—"only Rube will none end where his father is now. It will always be shirt-sleeves with the old man from Monday morning to Saturday night; but, bless you, the little lad will soon be in a black coat all the week."

Zick paused. This, for him, was a very long speech; but Rube was the one and only subject on which words came to him easily. A silence followed. No one disputed his conclusion. He let his glance travel beyond the coal-blackened yard to the row of plain brick buildings which represented the offices connected with the works. They might have no architectural features to other eyes, to Zick they were as imposing as if they had been Buckingham Palace and the Tower of London rolled into one.

A bell, ringing out with a long, booming sound, disturbed his meditations. It announced that the mid-day rest was over. Zick rose, yawned, stretched. "That," he burst forth again, throwing out his toil-hardened hand to a green-painted door, embellished with a brass plate, whereon was engraved the word "Office," "is where they ends. Is where my Rube's sort, I mean, ends."

As he said that one of the managers came out of the very door in question. Zick watched him with an interest that was both personal and proud. He had felt a measure of proprietorship in the office and its concerns for the last month—that is, ever since Rube, his only child, the Benjamin of his old age, had been installed there as office boy.

"Fine lad," continued the old man, speaking aloud to himself, as he walked along towards his "job," "sharp as they make 'em, and that good at books and figures."

His mind ran on in a pleasant vision. For he knew that his master was interested in the boy, that Rube had got his feet on the ladder, and that it only depended on himself now how far he mounted.

Zick thrust his hands into his pockets, impelled by a wave of youthfulness, of exaltation. They sank down into emptiness; the old man pulled them out as though they had been bitten. In one moment all the joy, the confidence, left his face. It was overcast, troubled. On Saturday night he had placed what he called his 'lowance money for the coming week in his pocket—and it was not there now.

He turned out the pocket. There was no hole in the lining. He had put the money into the left-hand pocket. He remembered particularly because once before, about five weeks ago, it had been missing, and he had not been able to recollect (that time) the actual fact of his placing it there.

The old man's eyes grew dim. He, who was as punctual as the clock, forgot the hour, the place awaiting him. He was visited by a terrible suspicion which, though he would have given all he possessed to dismiss it as absurd, as impossible, would stay with him, would clamour to be taken into account.

Standing there in the middle of the mill-yard, with the roar of the machinery about him, with the great chimney belching out clouds of smoke, with the sharp cry of the foremen's voices as they issued orders, and the clanging of the gate bell that heralded a team or a wagon demanding admittance, Zick carefully went over each minute of the last twenty-four hours. On Saturday no one but he and Rube had been in the little house, in the long row of Mill cottages, for Amelia Ann, his wife's cousin, who "did" for him ever since he was a widower, had taken a night out to see "East

Lynne" at the Theatre Royal. On Sunday, to be sure, he had gone to church in the morning, but the same lady had been in possession of the kitchen, cooking the Sunday dinner, and if she had meant to rob him, she would have started long ago. All the rest of the day he, Zick, had been at home. Rube had been the only other person in the house. Rube—

The old man threw out his arms as if to thrust from him an intolerable thing.

"Little lad," he implored, in a low, rapid murmur, "little lad, Sallie's little lad, please God, not him."

Someone called him, aroused him to a sense of the duty to be done at once. He went heavily down the yard. His thoughts went back to his wife. Sallie had not been exactly young when he married her, but she had for him a sweeter face than any other woman. He remembered her feebleness, which had only just permitted her to pull his arm down to their new-born babe; he remembered how he had looked forward to the time when she should be up and about again; he remembered that terrible call in the darkness of the night, when Amelia Ann had rushed in to him, telling him to come at once. He had gone almost as she spoke. He was only just in time. As he looked at her, he understood that Sallie was leaving him. She was past moving, past speaking. Her eyes had implored him. He had understood. He had returned thanks from that day to this that he had understood. Slowly, distinctly, he had promised to be mother as well as father to their child.

Now, as the wheels revolved about him, as the great cranks rose and fell methodically, as the belts ran swiftly over their pulleys, he was appealing, in his mind, to that wife who had left him.

"Lass," the old man murmured, drops of sweat that were not due to the exertion of his body standing out in beads about his brow, "I have done my best; you know I have done my best; and if you are up there with the angels you must know more. You will know what I can't understand—you will know where the money has gone; you will know—though I can't see who else could have taken it—that Rube had naught to do with it, or you would never bide comfortable among that music and them crowns."

The idea comforted Zick, quieted him. There was, there must be, some solution entirely exonerating Rube that his poor brain could not grasp.

He moved aside a step or two, to where he could catch glimpses of the sky through the dust-covered window. Before him was a little wedge of blue. He looked up as often as he dared. He saw the coloured patch growing larger and larger, the grey disappearing. It seemed to him that that was how Sallie was speaking to him, was reassuring him.

It was hardly an hour later that one of the clerks came to him, and, bidding him let the under-man take command of the machine, told him that the master wished to speak to him in his private room.

"Me!" gasped Zick. "Me carpeted!"

His first thought was that he must unwittingly have been guilty of some grave lapse of duty, since "carpeting"—that is, being interviewed by the head of the firm in his private room—counted as a ten times graver reprimand than any amount of rating delivered on the spur of the moment.

But the next instant the consciousness of his rectitude came to comfort Zick.

"I'll clean myself at the pump, and then I'll come," he told the clerk.

The man left him. Zick hurried to the nearest water-supply, and as he splashed among the copious flow, satisfaction—for he naturally looked on the bright side of things—began to creep into the place of perplexity in his mind.

"It must be the little lad. It must be as how Sallie is telling me that he is all right—that it was not him who took the 'lowance," he decided, and he wondered if the master could have seen his boy's figuring or writing.

With these pleasant reflections pushing out his pain of an hour ago, he knocked at the green door, was bidden to enter, and heard that he was to go straight on, the master awaited him.

*[Continued overleaf.]*

## THE LAST ITEM ON THE MENU.



HER LADYSHIP: Have you given Fido his soup?	BUTTONS: Yes 'um.
HER LADYSHIP: And his omelette?	BUTTONS: Yes 'um.
HER LADYSHIP: And his cutlet?	BUTTONS: Yes 'um.
HER LADYSHIP: And his jelly?	BUTTONS: Yes 'um.
HER LADYSHIP: Then you may have some bread-and-cheese, and go to bed,	

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



As he passed between the double row of high desks, he thought of the other times when he had been called in. There was, first, that time after Sallie was taken and Mr. Hawthorn had spoken as man to man to him; there was, again, that time when there had been a series of robberies in the yard, and young Bobby Smith had been suspected. The lad had vowed his innocence. Zick knew that the loss of the place would kill the boy's old mother. He had said this to the master. The grand detective from London had "threatened him down," as Zick phrased it, maintaining that Bobby ought to be arrested.

Then Mr. Hawthorn had turned from the majesty of the law to the simple working-man.

"Will you pledge your word, Zick, that Smith is innocent?" the master had asked.

Zick had given it readily. The detective had muttered something contemptuous. But the old man's word had been taken—and not many weeks after Smith had been able to prove his innocence.

Zick, remembering this, remembering the great trust that had been reposed in him, knocked, or rather banged, his fist, on the door.

"Come in," he heard.

Mr. Hawthorn, he noticed with surprise, rose as he entered, and it flashed into his mind that it did look mightily as if the little lad had been doing something quite "tremendous" when the master paid old Zick Godfrey that attention. "But then," as he said to himself, "if Sallie was minded to show him, she'd do it proper."

"Take a seat," Mr. Hawthorn began.

Godfrey looked at the leather-covered chair. He had never been so honoured before. Why, even managers "kept on their legs" while reporting to the master.

"Thank you kindly, Sir," he explained, "but I'll attend better standing up."

There followed a pause. The fine-featured man sitting by the desk cleared his throat twice. It seemed difficult for him to begin.

"This is something, and no mistake!" Zick inwardly assured himself.

"Zick," began Mr. Hawthorn softly, deprecatingly, "you and I have been together at the Hawthorn Works since we were both boys."

"My father," Godfrey amplified, "worked for your father, Sir, man and boy; I have done the same for you, and please the Lord, my Rube will work for your son when it comes to the young master's turn."

Mr. Hawthorn leaned across the table.

"Old friend," he said, "there has been a lifetime's friendship between us."

He held out his hand.

Zick looked at the white palm, the shapely fingers. It was several seconds before the master's intention dawned on him, then, with an abrupt movement, he strode up to the table, his honest face drawn with anxiety.

"You haven't gotten naught? You are not ill?" he demanded.

"No," returned Mr. Hawthorn, "I am well enough."

The prosperous man looked to the window. He traced a few figures aimlessly on his blotting-pad with his pen, looked out again; and it is possible that he was telling himself that he would sooner part with half of his honourably acquired wealth than face the next quarter-of-an-hour.

At length, since delay would change nothing, he straightened his shoulders, and hesitatingly, but clearly, using the gentlest words he could, he told old Zick Godfrey why he had been sent for.

Stamps, it appeared, small postal orders, had been missing from the office for the last month, and an investigation had established beyond a shadow of doubt that Rube was the thief.

As Zick listened the perspiration began by standing on his forehead; when Mr. Hawthorn ceased it was pouring down his face.

"No!" he cried out, as he heard the first words. "My little lad, Sallie's son, rob his master! Not he!"

But before the story was ended he was reduced to silence. When the last word was said, Godfrey looked at his master, his eyes imploring, his lips trembling.

"You'll none have the law again him!" he supplicated.

"Zick!" cried out Mr. Hawthorn. "You and I have been together all these years, and you ask me that!"

But the old man was beyond listening to a reproach or a justification. "Sallie's little lad," he muttered. He put up his arm before his eyes; a hard sob broke from him. He had forgotten his master, the office. The case lay not between Rube and Mr. Hawthorn, but between Zick and his Sallie.

"Lass," he pleaded aloud, and he turned for a moment and raised his eyes to the blue wedge of sky showing through the office window, as if Sallie were just behind it. "I did me best, lass; don't grieve, don't take on, just think I was an old fool, and not good enough for the job you left me. It is me who is to blame. Me! Not him, your little lad, that I saw you sewing 'em bits of things for the last time you and me sat side by side before the fire. Think, lass, as how my fingers was all thumbs with Rube's little clothes when he was too small to do for himself! It has been the same with learning him proper. It has been me that had nothing but thumbs at learning him proper. It wasn't your little lad that you died for at all: it was nobbut me!"

Mr. Hawthorn waited. He caught a word here and there of the low, whispering voice. He could hear that Zick was accusing

himself. At first he feared that the shock had been too much for the old man, that it had unhinged him, but when it seemed to him that Zick was acquiring comfort from his monologue, he waited.

At length when the quietness fell in the little room, and the thud of the engines and all the miscellaneous sounds of the workaday world came in, Mr. Hawthorn began again.

"Sit down," he said once more.

This time the old man complied without demur.

He dropped heavily into a chair, waited listless, overwhelmed, for what the master might have to say next.

"We must talk of Rube's future," Mr. Hawthorn began.

"What will you do with the little lad?" the old man asked.

"Zick," went on the master, "he is very young."

"He be!" groaned Godfrey.

"There are many temptations to a young lad coming fresh into an office such as this."

"There is," acquiesced the same dull voice.

"There are more temptations to clever lads than to the dull ones."

"Maybe," answered Zick.

"Rube is the brightest lad we have ever had."

"Aye," said Zick, with a long sigh. "I said that myself this morning," and the contrast between his exultation at the dinner hour, and his despair before the tea hour came, caught him, and seemed to grip at his heart until he felt suffocated.

"You have been a mother as well as a father to him, Zick," the master went on.

"No!" cried out the old man. "If she, my Sallie, had not been took, she would have learned him proper."

"You did your best, old friend," the master consoled.

Zick shook his head hopelessly.

"He knows right from wrong," the gentle voice went on.

"Maybe," returned Rube's father, "I didn't take the pains I should. Maybe I did not show it to him proper."

"I will trust you for that," Mr. Hawthorn returned.

"You mustn't," cried out Zick, his voice rising to a hoarse wail. "You mustn't, Sir. She trusted me, my Sallie, with Rube, and see what I have made of it. But it is me," he went on, and he rose, with a heave of his big frame, "it is me. It is my fault. Think on that, lass; remember that, lass, and bide comfortable up there. It wasn't Rube. It is me as is to blame for not learning him as I ought."

The master came round, touched his workman on the shoulder.

"My friend," he said, and the two stood side by side while the master spoke persuasively, "let us say that it was a sudden temptation. Perhaps, since it was the first step aside, it will be the last. I have made up my mind to give Rube another chance. I shall let him stay on. No one in the other office knows, so it will be easy for him. I shall have him in here all by myself, and I shall tell him that, as his father can trust him to be honest for the future, I can."

Again there was silence in the plain bare room, with the japanned boxes, instead of pictures, ranged on shelves round the wall, and a great drawing of machinery over the fireplace. The sun suddenly streamed through the dingy window; Zick watched the particles of dust as they danced to and fro, up and down, a slanting wedge of golden brightness.

There was war in the old man's heart. The fiercest, the hottest of all human battles was being waged there. The fight was not only between principle and love, it was between duty and a father's great affection.

Godfrey remembered his empty pocket. He remembered that it was the second occasion on which his 'lowance had been missing, he remembered that Amelia Ann had declared that a penny or two had lately gone three or four times out of the mug where the house-keeping money reposed. Zick had not seen Rube steal from the mug, from his pocket. He could say he had seen nothing. But did he, in his heart of hearts, believe that Rube had taken it—nay, more, in his heart of hearts was he not sure?

Mr. Hawthorn waited, a new surprise, a new perplexity gradually overspreading his face.

At length the old man turned to him.

"Go back, Sir," he besought, "I'll tell the truth best with you sitting at your desk. It kind of unmans me, it does, to tell you standing up along side of me."

Mr. Hawthorn complied. Zick waited until the master was seated.

Godfrey meant to tell the truth, but after all, the master's change of position did not help him very much, and it was so hard to begin.

"It is as bad as with you nigh me!" the old man bewailed.

"Can you trust Rube?" Mr. Hawthorn asked to help him.

Godfrey flung up his arms.

"Lord help me, I can't!" he cried out.

He turned. He put up trembling, shaking hands to the slanting band of sunlight, as though he saw in it an angel's ladder leading from earth to heaven, looked with tear-blinded eyes to where he knew that the wedge of blue still brightened the sky.

"Sallie lass," he implored, "don't take on. Bide comfortable up there. He is your lad, I know, and you only left him with me for our bit here. But what could I do? I couldn't lie, and I couldn't say aught but what I have said, and tell the truth."

THE END.



## WORLD'S WHISPERS.

WHAT Crockford's was to the eighteenth-century beau, so wonderfully described by Thackeray, the Duquesne Club has become to the American millionaire. Wonderful stories are being told in Transatlantic clubland concerning this rendezvous of Pittsburg money-spinners. According to these tales, a sensational pool game, in which took part four millionaires, resulted in something like £35,000 changing hands in a few minutes. As was the case of old at Crockford's and Almack's, bets played a not unimportant part. The principal loser, flustered, angered, and excited by the taunts of the onlookers, observed, in answer to a remark that he would probably miss his next stroke: "Bet you a thousand pounds I don't!" The bet was taken, the player chalked his cue, took careful aim—and scratched!

*Manuel the  
Second's  
Inheritance.*

It would require diligent searching of history to find a parallel to the conditions under which the boy King of Portugal takes his place upon the throne. Not only is he the youngest monarch in Europe; he is the only King who has come, in modern times, to a throne bearing the wounds inflicted by his father's murderers. It is true that yesterday he was a midshipman and that to-day he is Sovereign of an empire. He may augur well from that, for the late King of Sweden, who reigned so long and well, was at one time as distant from the throne as was this youth up to Saturday week; and he, too, was a middy, untrained in kingcraft. Manuel's inheritance, so far as Portugal is concerned, is not an enviable one. His Civil List, never a large one, is mortgaged. His father

was horribly embarrassed. The royal estates are in pledge to the nation; even the royal yacht, which the late King so loved, has had to be incorporated in the Navy as security for money which Dom Carlos had had. There is this consolation for the young King—all his troubles come at the beginning; conditions could not be worse.

*The Man who  
would be King.*

It is a coincidence that while England gave to Portugal her heroic and beautiful Queen, the mother of the man who would now be King is a resident in England. She was Princess Adelaide of Löwenstein-Wertheim-Rosenberg, and married ex-King Miguel in 1851; and Dom Miguel is of the issue of that marriage. The Dowager Princess has been for nearly a dozen years a nun, and now resides in a conventual establishment at Northwood, in the Isle of Wight. The claims of Prince Miguel have been powerfully advocated by his sisters, one of whom is the Archduchess Maria Theresa; while a second is the Duchess Carl Theodor of Bavaria, which Court—as if it had not trouble enough at home—she has endeavoured to move to active sympathy with her brother's cause. The great weakness of Prince Miguel has been his lack of wealth. He resides at the castle of Seebenstein, in Lower Austria, and holds a commission in the Austrian Army. Despite his poverty, he has influence in Lisbon, where, some six weeks ago, a proclamation promising in his name a liberal programme to the nation was scattered broadcast through the Opera-house while King Carlos and the Crown Prince were present. Dom Miguel's chances are even worse than those of Don Carlos in Spain, if such a thing be possible.



THE MAN WHO THINKS KIPLING MADE A MISTAKE BY NOT DYING: PROFESSOR W. L. PHELPS, OF YALE.

In a lecture on the modern novel, Professor Phelps stated the other day that "it was the mistake of Mr. Kipling's literary career, although better for his personal happiness, that he did not die of pneumonia when he was ill in New York some years ago. Mr. Kipling," went on the Professor, "is now like a man who is in constant terror that he will say something commonplace, and his work seems to me to show a frightful striving for effect."

*Photograph supplied by F. A. Jones.*



THE NEW MARRIAGE METHOD IN THE LAND OF QUICK DIVORCE: TAKING OUT LICENSES IN NEW YORK.

New York has just come to the conclusion that it ought to alter its arrangements for marrying and giving in marriage, and it has decreed that the would-be bride and bridegroom must now provide themselves with a license. Eight clerks are kept busy all day issuing these.



WHERE MILLIONAIRES ARE SAID TO LOSE MANY THOUSANDS AT A SITTING: THE DUQUESNE CLUB, PITTSBURG.

The Duquesne Club is the meeting-place of the millionaires of Pittsburg, and it is said that exceedingly high play goes on there. The club building is the eleven-storey erection on the avenue (seen in our photograph).—[Copyright photograph by R. W. Johnston, Pittsburg.]



# KEY-NOTES

THE appearance of M. Claude Debussy at the Queen's Hall last week was of special interest, because it was, in a sense, the official recognition in this country of a musician who has done a great deal to develop modern theories along reasonable lines. In France Debussy is hailed as the greatest living exponent of the modern French musical genius; some of his American admirers, who do not speak or write without authority, claim in him a musician whose gifts are greater than those of any of his contemporaries, not excluding Richard Strauss. And, while we in England have no very marked taste for work that departs from the accepted standards of musical form, it cannot be denied that Debussy's music to "Pelléas et Mélisande," his "Après-midi d'un Faune," his "Fêtes Galantes," and his settings to the poems of Baudelaire have made a very considerable impression in this country. Perhaps M. Debussy would have arrived in his kingdom before to-day if his music had not been compelled to stand side by side with work totally different in theme and treatment. Just as a picture by one of the French neo-impressionists would seem right out of place in the Salon or at the Academy, where its most exquisite qualities would be lost, so one of the faint, delicate, and subtle creations of Debussy's brain, a brain that is not even concerned with affairs of our century, conveys little or nothing to ears that have been strained to catch the commonplaces of musical utterance. Debussy is one of the least obvious of all composers, and there is a very large section of musical patrons who divide the art they delight to honour into two divisions—the obvious and the unpleasant.

Debussy is still on the sunny side of fifty, and took the Prix de Rome in 1884. After filling in his appointed time in the Italian capital, he went to Russia, where he taught and studied and worked out his theories for himself. He had been warned officially by Gounod, Delibes, Massenet, and other great masters of French music, that his ideas were too modern to be regarded as orthodox, that he did not pay sufficient attention to form. Nowadays he has turned aside altogether from conventional musical expression. He has substituted rhythm for melody, and become in a sense one with the modern impressionist school of art and letters in France. Certainly in his hands the modern orchestra seems to find a new voice, although the story it has to tell is less of this generation than of generations long past. Despite his modernity in treatment, Debussy harks back to bygone times for his themes, and is as much an idealist as any of the Trouvères and Troubadours of the Middle Ages. He is a man with a message, and must be taken seriously; indeed, the more we can turn our eyes and our thoughts from the ultra-modern aspects of life, the more truly we can cultivate a sense of ideal beauty, the more surely will Debussy's gift reward us when we listen with all our understanding, with the spirit within the sense.

Mr. Willie Burmester, who has been giving recitals in London, at the Bechstein Hall, is, or was, one of the great exponents of

virtuosity in violin-playing. He can overcome so many difficulties of the sort that Paganini delighted to master that there are times when he may almost persuade his audience that such difficulties were worth creating in order to overcome. When he came first to London, Mr. Burmester had little but his virtuosity to recommend

him, and to those of us who do not care for expressions of personal achievement in which neither composer nor music has much concern, there was little to attract in his recitals. But the years have ripened his musical sense, developed his feelings, strengthened his tone, and made him duly sensitive to correct intonation, so that to-day Mr. Burmester is a violinist to be reckoned with.

The authorities of the Grand Opera House in Paris have done well to re-dress some of their stock works, and the costumes selected for Gounod's "Faust" are excellent examples of the costumier's art. In this country costume is apt to go by default as something that does not matter very much, and when we have a company of distinguished artists hailing from the four corners of the compass, each dressing his leading rôles in the fashion that sorts best with his shape, size, and sense of colour, the effect upon the stage is a thing at which to wonder. It would be well if some standard of time and place could be established by reference to the intention of composer and librettist, and conformed to by leading singers the world over. Unfortunately, such a regulation is not easy: so many men and

women can sing parts they cannot look. Nobody will forget Caruso's Pinkerton in "Butterfly." The famous tenor knows that he cannot face the footlights in a fair wig, so he shows his own black hair. But in the second act, Cio Cio San points triumphantly to her boy's flaxen locks, a sure sign of his paternity. "He has his father's hair," she says, and those who understand Italian or have read the English libretto, marvel greatly. It will never be possible to clear the operatic stage of these little blemishes, but certain improvements are possible, and Paris is pointing the way—not for the first time.

Miss Marie Hall's recital at the Queen's Hall last week was a very pleasant one, though some of us could have dispensed with Joachim's Variations in E Minor, which seem to have been written in order to demonstrate to the fullest possible extent the difficulties that can be put before a violinist. For Miss Hall's capacity to show us the wood in spite of the trees we have nothing but praise, but was it worth while? Mr. Hamilton Harty, who accompanied, demonstrated for the hundredth time that he is one of the most sincere and artistic accompanists before the public.

COMMON CHORD.



THE NEW DRESS FOR  
MARGUERITE.

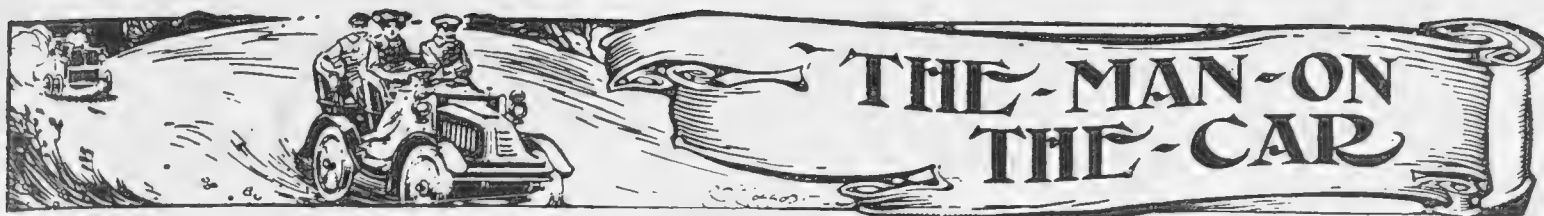
"FAUST" REJUVENATED WITHOUT  
THE AID OF MEPHISTOPHELES:  
THE NEW COSTUMES FOR THE  
PARIS OPÉRA.

The new management of the Paris Opéra has re-dressed "Faust," and, specially, it has abolished the conventional tu-tus from the ballet.

Photographs by Boyer and Bert.



THE NEW DRESSES FOR FAUST AND MEPHISTOPHELES.



UP-TO-DATE AND WELL-EQUIPPED REPAIR WORKS: FIATS AT WEMBLEY—TWO-CYCLE MOTORS IN THE COUPE DES VOITURETTES: CLAIMS BY THEIR DESIGNERS—DUST DOESN'T DOWN PROPERTY!—THE GRAND PRIX: IF DETACHABLE WHEELS, WHY NOT DETACHABLE GEAR-BOXES?

NO matter how excellent any particular car may be, there are times and seasons when failure supervenes and an overhaul is necessary. Such overhaul may be of a trivial nature, evidencing the necessity of slight adjustments here and there; but however that may be, it is always desirable that the work should be performed by hands skilled in regard to the particular make of car, and learned in just the little refinements required to put it back upon the road as good as new. Clearly no importing firm is more strongly of this opinion than Fiat Motors, Limited, of Long Acre, who inaugurated the other day some very extensive and excellently appointed repair works at Wembley. These works are of such a character that they might very easily blossom into a big constructing concern—which, Tariff Reform obtaining, they may very well be expected to do. For the present, as Fiat Motors, Limited, have over seven hundred cars running in this country, the present installation at Wembley cannot expect to be idle.

In the race to be known as the Coupe des Voiturettes, which will either precede or follow the Grand Prix, it is not unlikely that a good show may be made by cars which will owe their propulsion to two-cycle engines. Now the two-cycle motor has earned but little attention in this country as yet, indeed it has hardly been known in this country outside marine motoring circles, where, in the shape of the Lozier engine—an American production—it has been pushed and adopted chiefly because it is cheap. At the late Olympia Show, we had an Anglicised and refined edition of the two-cylinder, two-cycle motor in the Valveless engine (Lucas patent), but for particular design in this direction we must look across the Channel. In the Peugeot, Tony-Huber, Legros, and Lepape engines, great efforts have been made to perfect the two-cycle principle, and so convincing are the improvements that cars driven by these motors are to be entered for the above-quoted Coupe des Voiturettes. They will stand or fall by their performances in that event.

The great claim made on behalf of the American two-cycle engines is their simplicity, and this desirable feature they undoubtedly possess to a remarkable degree. They are practically valveless, save for a non-return valve in the crank-chamber, into which either the air or the gaseous mixture is primarily induced by the upward stroke of the piston, and compressed and forced thereupon into the cylinder by the downward movement of the same member through simple ports in the walls of the cylinder uncovered by the descent of the piston. Larger ports on the opposite side, also uncovered by the piston, permit the partial escape of the exhaust before the induction-ports begin to be uncovered.

By certain comparative and careful experiments carried out by the Automobile Club of France, it was shown that a two-cycle engine equal in bore and stroke to a four-cycle engine was one-and-a-half times more powerful than the four-cycle motor. But there were other drawbacks, which it is now claimed have been entirely overcome, and therefore the performances of the two-cycle cars in the Coupe des Voiturettes are awaited with much interest. Of course, a two-cycle motor is considerably cheaper to make than its more complicated brother.

We are more than accustomed to the parrot-cry of the motor-phobist who shrieks aloud over the detriment which motor-cars are presumed to work to roadside property and country roads. If the

shrieker be traced to his lair he will generally be found as innocent of country property as an orange of hair, and a motor-phobist only because he is not a motorist. Apropos of the ruin alleged to be caused to property by motor-cars, Mr. S. J. Chesterton's remarks during the course of a paper read before the Estate Agents' Institute are both interesting and instructive. Mr. Chesterton said he believed that the private motor-car had been responsible for some of the difficulties in getting rid of town



MOTORISTS WHO DO NOT NEED TO BUY THEIR FUR COATS: BABY BRUINS "GINGERING THINGS UP."

In their laudable desire to "ginger things up," as the American Press agent has it, the authorities of the New York Hippodrome recently took some baby bears for a ride in a motor-car. The result was an excellent advertisement.

houses; but he attributed that not so much to any preference for the country as to the fact that, in order to enjoy motor-car driving, expenses had usually to be restricted in some other direction, and the large town house, with its heavy expenses, was the first thing to be sacrificed. On the other hand, the motor-car had greatly facilitated the letting of small sites and stables as garages if proper accommodation were provided at a reasonable rental. He did not think that any properties had been forced into the market in consequence of dust along the country roads!

The barring of detachable wheels in the Grand Prix by the committee of the Automobile Club of France is justified from the other side of the Channel on the broad grounds that if detachable wheels were permitted, no exception could be taken to detachable clutches, propeller-shafts, gear-boxes, etc. Clearly, that is begging the question, and is a simile that is worth nothing. The only point that bears is that, given a wheel as opposed to a tyre failure, the driver of the car would have a spare wherewith to replace the failed part. Therefore, say the Frenchmen, if one man can, if need be, replace a wheel, all should be able and be permitted to do so, for all are liable to wheel, as apart from tyre failure. But the French makers are not prepared to fit detachable wheels, and so detachable wheels will be barred for the Grand Prix of 1908 at least.



# THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE SPRING HANDICAPS—THE SOLDIERS—THE MUTUEL.

THE flat-race season does not begin until March 23, but already club frequenters are discussing the spring handicaps, and everything points to some exciting racing when operations open. For the Lincoln Handicap many horses have been kept actively employed throughout the winter, notably Land League, who, by-the-bye, is not badly treated with 8 st. 10 lb. to carry. Bellatrix is another that has been kept going, and the same remark applies to Kaffir Chief, who is very smart when fit. Many of the 'cute division are pinning their faith on Longcroft, while others fancy Duke of Sparta, and the majority of those mentioned are very likely to be backed before the day of the race. I am told by one who should know that the King's horse, Flaxman, will go very close for the Grand National, and I should very much like to see him win. Many good judges fancy Ascetic's Silver, but I think the weight to be carried is too much for this horse, who, be it remembered, sometimes breaks blood-vessels. I am glad to note that Leinster has held his ground, and a correspondent very kindly informs me that the horse has been doing some strong work for weeks past. Tom West is left in, and he must have a chance, and the same remark applies to Hercules II., trained by the all-conquering Hartigan. I predict a good field for the Great Metropolitan, and at present I like Father Blind, St. Ollalia, and Detection. The City and Suburban will bring out some of the top-class handicap performers, and if the quick French three-year-old

Monitor is reserved for this race instead of for the Lincoln Handicap he should as nearly as possible win it. Dean Swift is not harshly dealt by, and Dinneford, if ridden by Maher, would not lack supporters. I notice that Desmond's Pride is in with 6 st. 11 lb. I think the handicappers have taken a risk, as the horse may be one of the best in England for all that is known of him. It is very pleasing to see such a good acceptance for the Jubilee Stakes, as this is essentially the Cockney's race. If Galvani and Malua are both started it will be indeed a contest to watch. Of the middle division Menu and Linacre are worth considering, while of the light weights Yentoi and Hayden are tempting.

The Grand Military Meeting, to take place at Sandown Park on March 6 and 7, will be the last to be held over the Esher course for some little time, as the soldiers have decided to migrate to Newbury. The Sandown country is perhaps the stiffest in England, with the single exception of Liverpool, but I fancy the Newbury course is a bit tricky, and the military song, "Let me like a soldier fall," will be sung to a pretty tune there if I am not grievously mistaken. The Gold Cup this year should produce one of the best contests seen for a very long time, as it is said that many of the crack steeplechasers that have recently changed hands have been purchased with a view to this race. It remains to be seen

whether the authorities will allow this sort of thing to rule in the future; if they do, the contest should be renamed the "Race for the Rich," as the poor man will not have a look in. My contention is that the conditions should be framed to include only those horses that have been the property of their owners for at least twelve months previous to the start of the race. Little owners and trainers would object, as this rule would kill one of their best markets. Just so; but the race was

not started in the interests of those having likely 'chasers to dispose of at tall prices. The Gold Cup race does sport under National Hunt rules a deal of good by discovering horses that are in later years allowed to take their chance in the Grand National; but the object of the race, I take it, is to educate the military men in the art of riding, and also to see what they know about the education of jumpers. It should be made entirely on the lines of point-to-point races.

Really, it is about time the totalisator was introduced into England. Pinched prices are the order of the day—at least, in Tattersall's Ring. I am told that many big punters now patronise the cheap enclosures, where

fair prices are to be had. The position is this. Club members betting on the rails do business on the nod, and for that reason they owe the bookies money and have to take the prices the latter offer, or go without a bet. These prices rule the market in Tattersall's Ring,

which is most unfair to the little man who bets in ready money. The time has arrived when the speculator who is prepared to pay ready money should not be called upon to pay the debts of the man who runs an account. I think the totalisator, if run by the racecourse companies themselves, would prove a great success, and it would get rid of the nuisance of layers shortening the odds in tones calculated to crack the thickest skull owned by any unwilling listener.

The system of mutual betting has answered well on the European Continent, in America, and in many of the English Colonies, and when the insular prejudice of the Mother Country is thawed sufficiently to enter on the "new-fangled notion," the verdict will soon be delivered somewhat as follows: "A capital invention; but why did we not adopt it before?" The bed-rock fact is apparent that bookmaking is a prosperous game, and the question arises, why not let the profits of laying 'em go to the race fund, as they would do under the totalisator? The professionals might content themselves by offering fair prices over future events; and if they did this they would continue to do a good business.

CAPTAIN COE.



THE  
STRUGGLES  
OF  
A HOOKED  
TARPON:  
THE LEAP  
OF  
THE BIGGEST  
FISH THAT IS  
CAUGHT  
WITH A ROD.



## WOMAN'S WAYS.

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

### Dress and Divorce.

A nice point of feminine etiquette is settled once and for all in M. Paul Bourget's play "Un Divorce," a piece to which all Paris is flocking. What kind of gown should a married lady put on when her former husband dies? In a city where funeral rites and mourning cannot be trifled with or omitted without scandal the question is a serious one. M. Bourget's perplexed and much-married heroine has a grown-up son by her first marriage, and this son is present at his father's death-bed. The father is a drunken ne'er-do-weel, and the lady feels no sorrow at his demise. Nevertheless, to remain clothed in chestnut brown or rose-leaf pink (the colours of the hour in Paris) would appear heartless, and would even be bad form. To put on black merino and crêpe would please the son, but would hardly be polite to husband number two, especially as the couple are involved in a serious dispute as to their re-marriage under the ægis of the Church. Mlle. Marthe Brandès boldly solves the problem by appearing in a gown and cloak of pensive purple, with a hat shading off into lavender regrets and greyish-mauve remorse. M. Paul Bourget has long been a sort of literary arbiter of fashions for fine ladies, so we may take it that he was consulted by Mlle. Brandès on so momentous a question, and that in future the Parisienne will know what to wear at the various crises of her complicated career.

### Intimidating Salons.

If you were to take seriously all the novels and all the plays produced in Paris you would be apt to assume that the entire population of this country is chiefly occupied in breaking the Seventh Commandment. Yet that they must be doing something more useful and salutary is evident. The arts and sciences, inventions and politics, literature and philanthropy, all flourish amazingly in spite of this national predilection, and I am inclined to think that the French have deliberately manufactured for themselves this curious reputation as a protest against the formality of their manners and the rigidity of their drawing-rooms. The Anglo-Saxon, precipitated into a real French salon, wonders how any modern, ease-loving individual can enjoy himself in a room with stiff Louis XVI. chairs set out in a complete circle. The French have invented the phrase tête-à-tête, but there is no such

thing in France—at least, in Society. There are no lounges, no armchairs, no "cosy-corners." What you have to say must be said for all the world to hear, while you make one of a stiff half-circle. Under these circumstances gossip flourishes amazingly, but of intimate conversation there is none. The French, with their stiff salons, have never emerged from the social usages of the eighteenth century, and our "manners" depend more on our furniture than we perhaps realise.

### The Vogue of Julien Sorel.

When the young Frenchman does not clean-shave and buy his clothes in London he is fond of "getting himself up" as Balzac's Lucien de Rubempré, or, better still, as Stendhal's Julien Sorel.

He must be nothing if not 1830, and the hero of "Le Rouge et le Noir" is very much the type of the egotistical, ambitious, disillusioned young man of to-day. So, pale faces, smooth, longish hair, high stocks, and frock-coats are the mode in certain circles, as well as the *air fatal*, the brevity of phrase, and the egregious egotism of Stendhal's amazing personage. One would like to whisper to them—only to see how furiously they would resent the suggestion—that if they were only a little more natural and a trifle less self-conscious, these dandified youths would be more attractive. On the whole, the Parisian is more desirous of making an effect than the Londoner. The latter you must take or leave as you find him, for he will rarely change his appearance or his personality to please anybody. And with a superfluity of young men garbed as Julien Sorel, the travelling Islander begins to regret the "flannelled fool," and the "muddled oaf" of English cricket-grounds and football-fields. But then every nation, to be sure, has its ideal.

### The Outline of the Parisienne.

Since Alexandre Dumas *fils* wrote a whole preface on the subject of *la ligne*, the Parisian woman has preoccupied herself more and more with her "outline." It has now arrived at a point which only M. Rodin can emulate. The great sculptor is notoriously anxious to impress the spectator with the grandeur of his lines and the effect of the mass; and this is precisely the end and aim of the pretty actresses and elegant women who dress in the Rue de la Paix. If their heads are now assuming the bulky proportions of the vast chignons of 1869; if aigrettes flare out like comets, and ostrich-feathers wave turbulently at unexpected angles, it is all done with forethought, and with an eye to the effect of *la ligne*. In this the Frenchwoman is unerring. Thus it is that she has usually the most alluring silhouette in the world.

### Rosalie.

The servant question is assuming menacing proportions all over the world. Rosalie, a character to be seen nightly at the Grand Guignol, is a case in point. She is an untidy "general" in a small bourgeois household, and her master and mistress are expecting the visit of a gentleman whom they wish to impress and who is the possible donor of favours. They tie a clean apron on her, instruct her how to open the door, and wait events. When the bell rings, Rosalie refuses to budge. They implore, wring their hands, almost weep. The bell rings frantically. Rosalie stands firm. She demands a rise in her wages, weekly holidays, and an abject apology for their bad treatment. The bell goes on ringing. The master and mistress give way all round. The man hands her fifty francs, the woman abjectly apologises. When Rosalie finally unbends so far as to open the door, it is only to come back with the information that the person who rang had mistaken the *étage*. And one's sympathy is entirely with Rosalie!



[Copyright.]

A BLOUSE OF WEDGWOOD-BLUE  
CRÊPE-DE-CHINE.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the  
"Woman-About-Town" page.)



[Copyright.]

A SMART TAILOR-MADE COAT AND SKIRT.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)



## THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

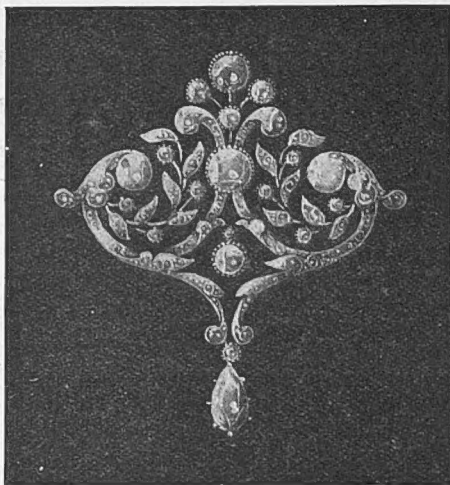
THE postponed Court will, I am told, be held on or about Shrove Tuesday, when the mourning will be over. This will make the King's departure for Biarritz a few days later than was at first intended. I believe that other royal plans will be carried through as they were settled before the terrible tragedy at Lisbon fell like a bolt from a clear sky on all civilised Europe. Queen Amélie is, it is said, keeping up in the most wonderful way, and helping her young son. She has written to our King and Queen herself. That, I expect, was a letter pathetic and brave. All her girlhood she knew the sadness of being one of an exiled royal family; now a worse trouble shadows her life, and she is in the very prime of it, and of splendid good looks. The boy King has a silver lining to the heavy cloud under which he begins to reign in the love, influence, and devotion of so grand a mother.

St. Valentine must have been a charming person. I never met any semblance of him save at a fancy-dress ball once, when he was a dainty presence in white satin, with hearts and bows and arrows like an adolescent cupid. Many old customs seem to be reviving. One that all womenkind will welcome back is the sending of valentines. They mean nothing, and they are nice. A man who sends some scent or sachets, or any small dainty token to a lady on Valentine's Day enrolls himself charmingly among the ranks of her friendly admirers, but does not by the attention declare himself an admirer with intention. That can be done by a particular and individual valentine. A bottle of Grossmith's new and delicious "Shem-el-Nessim" perfume is a non-committal and delightful thing to send. If desired, a whole toilet-set—perfume, soap,

powder, and dentifrice—can be sent, thereby implying confidence in the taste of the recipient, an unwillingness to believe in her possibly mixing her scent. This is a sin as unforgivable in a woman as mixing his liquor is in a man. Grossmith, in order to facilitate a choice, sends samples of perfume and soap on receipt of threepence in halfpenny stamps to cover postage and packing. These samples may be had on application to the firm's nearest agent.

There is no very striking change in fashion here as yet, but soon the dress campaign for the coming season will be planned. From Cairo and Biarritz—the two places to which the smartest people have gone and are going—I hear of very fascinating *gilets* in old brocade with paste buttons. Some of them are double-breasted, and not quite tightly fitting. They are worn not only with morning coats and skirts, but with smart afternoon gowns. Also, I hear of an excellent effect in a white-pleated tulle double-breasted waistcoat to a black panne dinner-dress. There was a double row of diamond buttons. It was rather suggestive of a delightful soft feminine version of man's immaculate evening dress.

I fancy that the long sleeves will be eagerly welcomed back by women of taste. There has always been a little *souppçon* of vulgarity about bare arms in daylight. It became more than a *souppçon* when bare



AN ORNAMENT FOR THE JABOT, AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

breasted fastening of the coat. The skirts are cut away in front. With the new waistcoats now so much worn, lace jabots come into great vogue.

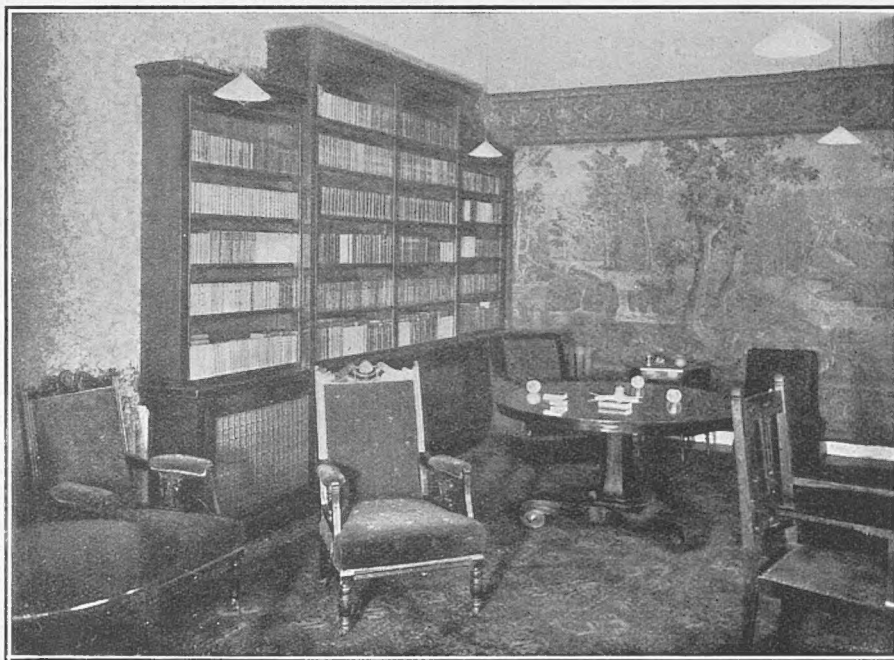
They are extraordinarily becoming. With them brilliant ornaments look quite beautiful. One of those recently made by the Parisian Diamond Company is illustrated on this page. It is all of brilliants, and fastened in a soft jabot of snowy lace, is most distinguished and in the van of fashion.

Many London ladies swear by Sloane Street for shopping. Certain it is that I have seen many well-known women there, including the daughters of the King and Queen. A new attraction is added to the street in a charming new branch opened by Mme. Lambert, the well-known corsetière, lingerie-maker, and dressmaker, of Hanover Square. I went there last week and was delighted with the tasteful rooms and their decorations

in Louis Seize style, in ivory-white and cool grey-green. Mme. Lambert made the principal part of the trousseau of the Queen of Spain and the outfit for the Prince of Asturias. She has just completed all the lingerie and several dresses for Lady Aileen Wyndham-Quin, the only surviving daughter of Lord Dunraven, who will to-day be married to Lord Ardee.

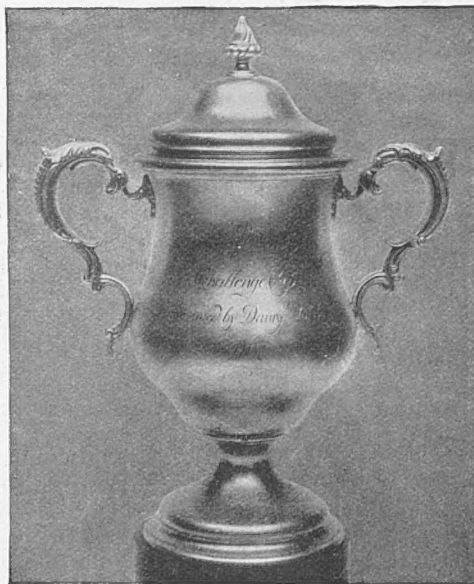
Everything in Mme. Lambert's establishment is remarkable for its wonderful daintiness and the fineness of its hand-work. The dresses are *chic* and beautifully cut and made, and those delightful fresh, cool morning-dresses known as "lingerie gowns" are exceptionally pretty. Some of those for to-day's bride are inserted with beautiful old Irish embroidery and fine lace. I was also keenly interested in an exhibition of antiques—a fan given by Marie Antoinette to Mme. Lambert's great-grandmother, several painted on kid by well-known dead-and-gone French and Italian artists, and a very curious one of 1710, painted in panels to represent towns, the names of which were to be guessed.

Mme. Lambert's new branch is charming, and ladies of Chelsea, Kensington, and Knightsbridge are to be congratulated on having in their midst so celebrated a maker of the beautiful, fine, dainty, almost fairy-like lingerie that has such charm for the most refined.



THE INAUGURATION OF THE EARLE'S HOTEL: A CORNER OF THE LIBRARY.

The inauguration of the Earle's Hotel took place the other day, and was attended by many well-known people. The hotel itself is situated in Grosvenor Street, the centre of fashionable London, and is under the proprietorship of Madame Jenny Jacobs, who has successfully conducted similar enterprises in South Kensington.



A SILVER CUP PRESENTED TO THE NEW-MARKET AND DISTRICT RIFLE CLUB.

The cup and cover were presented by the well-known jockey, D. Maher. The designers and manufacturers are Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Ltd., 220, Regent Street, W., 158, Oxford Street, W., and 2, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Feb. 25.*

THE boomlet in Consols and other gilt-edged stocks was damped down by the disappointing Bank return, and the knowledge that further gold withdrawals are certain within the next few days, while the Heavy Railway accounts are not as favourable as had been hoped. In our last issue, we alluded to impending changes in the directorate of the Chartered Company, and since our remarks appeared the news has received confirmation, except that we now understand that Mr. Hawkesley is not to take the chair but to become Managing Director.

So many of our readers are interested in Argentine Railways that any short and reasonably priced book which gives concise details of their systems, finances and traffics will, we doubt not, command a ready sale, and it is therefore with pleasure that we call attention to Mr. Killik's new edition of the "Argentine Railway Manual," published by Effingham Wilson, of Threadneedle Street, and to be purchased for half-a-crown. The book is well done, and shows clearly the often intricate financial arrangements by which interest is secured upon many of the stocks dealt in here and on the Continent. The provisions of the Mitre law, and other matters of a like kind are explained, and the only omission which we notice is that no distinction is made between those stocks which are officially quoted and those which are not.

## MONEY AND MONEY MATTERS.

At this season of the year the Bank of England is generally enabled to obtain control of the money market through the collection of revenue by income tax and other similar sources. It is a time when money tends to harden slightly. Some people started with apprehension at last week's tightening of money rates, as though there were something abnormal about the movement. As a matter of fact, the latter is quite common, and the Bank Rate becomes almost effective. In this, therefore, lies no need for alarm amongst holders of Consols and allied securities. There is not an inflated bull account, though no doubt the people who got caught short of stock some ten days back are glad enough to have an opportunity for banging prices a bit, and are working the money-hardening for every shilling it is worth. We look for a return of the better prices in Consols and gilt-edged investments. India  $\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. scrip is one of the cheapest of them all, and Irish is another. Only, 'ware the new issue of Irish Stock.

## HOME RAILWAYS.

For prices of fixed-charge Home Railway stocks to be steadily advancing nearly every day in value, while the Ordinary issues as steadily fall away, is something of an anomaly. No doubt the former have been under-priced in light of a reasonable Bank Rate, and with trade falling off in the country—with expenses mounting—the prospect of reduced dividends upon Ordinary stocks must at least be taken into account. Those Companies which secured good traffic increases for the last half of 1907 have earned them at the expense of high working ratios, and this is a disquieting factor in the outlook at present. We confess some degree of sympathy with the policy pursued by certain proprietors of Ordinary stocks, who have realised their holdings and turned the money into the gilt-edged securities of the same Company. For the latter are likely, it seems to us, still to increase in value, while the others look as if they may have to sag still further.

## THE EAST RAND AMALGAMATION.

The amalgamation proposals made by the sponsors of what is known as the East Rand group are viewed with little favour in the market. Strange as the cynics will declare it to be, it is nevertheless true that many of the dealers in the market make a careful study of the properties in whose shares they trade, and can produce substantial reasons, by actual figures, for the faith that they pin to some of the companies, and for the contempt in which they hold others. "But," say they, "what is the use of studying these things if at any time a holder is subject to having some inferior company tacked on to his own good one?" The East Rand subsidiaries vary considerably as regards individual merit, and though it is true that the distribution of the new capital will be based upon the market prices of the shares in the separate concerns, the fact remains that everything is to be thrown into a common pot, and put upon one dead level, which, more probably than not, will turn out to be one of mediocrity. The latest proposition—one of many predecessors on the same lines—will harm the market and bring it into more disfavour than ever.

## FREE TRADE IN THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

"A plague upon your House!" we can hear some modern Mercutio exclaim, as he listens to the wranglings and the janglings, the bickerings and suspicions, and charges of unfair dealing which arise from the columns of his daily paper. It used to be considered *infra dig.* for a member of the Stock Exchange to write to a newspaper, but all that useful sense of restraint has disappeared in the latest campaign of acrimonious, bitter dispute between broker and jobber that has done infinite harm to the House in the eyes of the public, and corresponding good to the bucket-shops, which shunt

not, neither do they—according to themselves—charge double commission, and therefore gather any amount of gold into their banking-accounts. The Stock Exchange, by its recent publicly advertised exhibition of domestic discord, has degraded itself in the public estimation to a level pretty nearly as low as that occupied by the engaging bucket-shop, and that we are not wrong in our contention we have no hesitation in asserting, from the comments we have heard in the Stock Exchange itself with regard to the justice of our previous criticism on this point. To many impartial and sober-thinking members, both brokers and jobbers, all this washing of dirty House-linen in public is nothing short of a calamity—and a calamity is generally an expensive luxury.

## RECENT DEVELOPMENTS AT WAIHI.

The latest news from the *Waihi* Mine affords another proof of the wonderful resources of this great property. The development of the Martha Reef on the No. 8 level has not been altogether satisfactory, the values in some cases comparing unfavourably with those obtained in the level above. There is nothing extraordinary in this, and it would be a mistake to attach too much importance to it. There are bound to be variations in the grade of ore from time to time, and there is no reason why the next level, when it comes to be opened up, should not show values as good as or better than the No. 7. Any disappointment, however, which may have been caused by this is now altogether counterbalanced by the remarkable discoveries made in opening up the *Edward* Reef on this level. The *Edward* reef has not hitherto been one of the important reefs of the mine. It runs from the Welcome to the Royal lode, a distance of some 1000 feet, nearly north and south. The reef had been partially explored in the upper levels, and is now being vigorously explored. On the No. 8 level the south drive on this reef has now reached 232 feet from the Welcome lode, and the following are the widths and values of the cross-cuts put through the reef—

	Width of Reef.	Value.
At 50 ft. South of Welcome ..	28 ft. ..	£4 8 8 per ton.
At 150 ft. " " ..	48 ft. ..	£6 13 5 "
At 200 ft. " " ..	65 ft. ..	£10 19 10 "

It should further be noted that the cross-cut at 200 feet is not yet through the reef. I think I am correct in saying that never even in the Martha have such values and size combined been obtained. A reef 65 feet wide and worth £11 a ton is something which will make the mouths of mining engineers water all over the world. Of course, it is too early yet to say precisely how important this development may be, but its significance is obvious. The ninth level is now being driven on, and before long will come news of the cutting of the Royal, Empire, and Martha Reefs; but perhaps what shareholders will be most eager to hear about will be the development of the *Edward* Reef on this level, which is 150 feet below the No. 8. I think that the fortunate shareholders in this wonderful mine may look forward to many more years of prosperity even greater than they have enjoyed in the past. The Tubemills are not yet all working, and there will be a further expansion in the output when the whole of these get to work. Meanwhile the regular quarterly dividends of 3s. 6d. per share, or 70 per cent. per annum, continue; and in May, no doubt, a bonus will be declared in addition, so that the return per cent. at the present price is quite satisfactory, even for a mining proposition. Q.

Saturday, Feb. 8, 1908.

## FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

*Correspondents must observe the following rules—*

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

*Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.*

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R.S.—The mines are all fair risks; the bank not much good, and in our opinion unlikely to be very successful; while the two Industrials very speculative. If you can get anything for your motor-bus shares sell them.

OBEIN.—You had better not take the shares. The market price is 3s.

EDGAR.—The following should suit you (1) B.A. and Pacific Ordinary (2) Rosario Ordinary (3) Antofagasta Ordinary.

NEMO.—(2) See answer to Obeni; (2) We advise purchase of neither Company's shares.

GOLLIWOG.—We must make some inquiries before answering your letter.

## MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Leicester the following should go close—Mapperley Steeplechase, Snuff; Wigston Steeplechase, Abelard; Humberstone Hurdle, Birdcraft; Novices' Steeplechase, Mistake II.; Oadby Hurdle, Nulli Secundus; February Hurdle, Romer; Gopsall Hurdle, Peach; Harrington Steeplechase, Titterstone; Evington Steeplechase, Ross; Worksop Steeplechase, Titterstone. The following may go close at Hurst Park—Molesey Steeplechase, Sudden Rise; Open Steeplechase, Mount Prospect's Fortune; Maiden Hurdle, Triangle; Mole Hurdle, Mount Prospect II.; Hurst Steeplechase, Royal Rouge; Grange Steeplechase, Veglo; February Hurdle, Tankard; Novices' Hurdle, Venetian; Walton Hurdle, Jack.



## CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"Love and the Ironmonger." By F. J. Randall. (John Lane.)—"The History of Aythan Waring." By Violet Jacob. (Heinemann.)—"Sheaves." By E. F. Benson. (Heinemann.)

SHADE of Hogarth! Taught by the old novelists and the old moralists, we believed once that none but the industrious apprentice flourished in this world of barter, that he alone was permitted to wed his master's daughter, become a partner in the firm, and at an age when others were but lean and slippered pantalons, reign with Gog and Magog, bulky in purse and person. Experience and the moderns have proved that we were wrong. Thus we feel more surprised that George Early's star should be hidden behind so dark a cloud than that his star should rise so high. He is an ingenious person this George Early, an opportunist born, a sneak and a blackmailer, yet his manœuvres, his wriggings to attain power and money lead to such amusing complications that much is forgiven him. His adventures begin when, standing behind a convenient keyhole, he hears Joseph Fairbrother, the head of the firm, tell each of three employés in turn that he has left him five hundred a year, plus a condition. In the one case the recipient, a miserly man, must never refuse a loan; in the second, a liar must never tell a lie; in the third, a toper must become a teetotaler; each is to have three warnings. On the fourth slip from righteousness the annuity is to cease. In due course Mr. Fairbrother dies, and Early sees his opportunity. Without delay he opens a campaign of blackmailing, his victims the three annuitants. To such use does he put his knowledge that he is not only able to live far beyond his supposed means, but so to work himself into the favour of Miss Fairbrother, who has inherited the business, that, when he proposes to her, he is accepted. Doggedly he pursues his unlucky victims, until at last they turn, combine, and determine to have revenge. How at last Early is beaten; how, having inherited through his wife the money the others have forfeited, he learns that he has inherited the conditions also; how the tables are turned upon him, must be between the author and the reader. It were a pity to disclose too many secrets.

Mrs. Jacob's novel is far more ambitious in its scope. It, too, has to do with a will, and that which grew out of it. It tells how one Aythan Waring came to his own through great tribulation, from the shadow of the scaffold, and in the telling yields much entertainment. Curiously enough, Mrs. Jacob is at her best when

she is doing what may be called man's work. Her love scenes, good as they are, are of less importance, hold the attention less, than such scenes as the tracking of the Green Jiner and the illicit malting in Rood Church. Yet, as a whole, the book will most certainly sustain its author's reputation.

"Sheaves" tells of the mating of youth and middle age, and what came of it. Youth is Hugh Grainger, who has a voice given to but one man in a generation; middle age is Edith Allbutt, a widow, set free by death from a husband who was no higher than the brutes. Mrs. Allbutt has written a play, and Hugh, not knowing that she is Andrew Robb, the author, sees it, is fascinated by it, realises that the ambition he has lacked hitherto has always been latent in him—

Yes. He, and the sight of the theatre crammed every night with silent, eager people, made me feel what I hadn't ever really felt when you spoke to me once about it at Cookham—namely, what a big and wonderful thing it must be to impress yourself on other people.

So he decides to accept the engagement offered him at Covent Garden, and but a little later he learns the identity of Andrew Robb. At the same time love comes to him.

All this month, too, another hidden river had been flowing within him: his worship—for it was no less than that—for the beautiful unknown mind which had spoken to him so often and so intimately across the footlights. This morning those two rivers had met and joined; they flowed down mingled together now, and the two voices were one. The river had its name, too—it was the River Edith.

Mrs. Allbutt also is in love, but with her love is mingled fear—

He was so young, it told her, while for her all youth was gone. There might be one or two bright, warm November days for her—a week, perhaps, of Indian summer; but after that the chill and fogs of November and its frosts. She would be no mate for that dear spirit of spring that had lost its way, and come here by mistake, making it shiver, making it long to escape.

So it is, indeed. There are some glorious hours of happiness; then days of dread for the woman, and weeks of the white scourge. For the man there is still youth, and the carelessness of youth. Then comes death, and, in his train, awakening.

He knelt down by the bed, taking her hand in his, kissing it, kissing it. "Meine Seele," he said, "meine Seele!"

"Yes, my darling. Oh, Hughie, how beautiful it has been! How—" Then a wonderful change began to come over her face—a dawn, a new life. He understood.

She raised herself in bed, triumphant, radiant.

"My soul and my heart!" she said aloud, speaking quickly. "Thank God for it all! Ah, good-bye, my Hugh! Morning—it is morning!"

Dawn had come.

A notable book.



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